The Outlook

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The Outlook

Published Weekly

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Congress: Cuba and Panama Debates

The Senate's debate on the Cuban Reciprocity Bill was almost lifeless because of the universal conviction that the popular debate had long ago ended, and that the bill's passage was a foregone conclusion. The only apparent peril to the bill lay in the possible adoption of an amendment which would create new complications, but no one of the amendments proposed to the Democratic caucus at the close of last week secured its support. Republican opposition to the measure had practically ceased with the adoption of the amendments guaranteeing the beet-sugar interests against any further reduction of the sugar duty during the life of the Cuban treaty. Senator Bard, of California, however, representing these interests, recorded again his conviction that the reciprocity proposed is unwise. Senator Foster, of Louisiana, who represents the cane-sugar interests, entered a more vigorous protest, pointing out that the lowering of duties on Cuban sugar during the five years covered by the treaty would in the aggregate cost our Treasury about $35,000,000, and declaring that the proposed reciprocity, lowering duties on the raw materials we buy of Cuba if she will lower her duties on the goods—chiefly manufactures—which she buys of us, created a new sectionalism. To this vigorous attack Senator Depew, of New York, made a vigorous rejoinder, denying the charge that the reciprocity bill in any way furthered the interests of American manufacturers at the expense of American farmers. Senator Newlands, of Nevada, made another speech in favor of offering Cuba admission into the Union, but his proposal again found no second. The most interesting event that occurred in the Senate was the introduction of a resolution by Senator Hoar calling upon the President to report, if not inconsistent with the public interests, upon practically every question raised by the critics of the Administration in reference to its course in Panama. Such a resolution, coming from the anti-imperialist Republican leader, indicated that the Panama policy of President Roosevelt would meet with practically the same opposition as did the Philippine policy of President McKinley. Among Southern Congressmen, however, though the criticism of President Roosevelt's course is even more pronounced than that directed against President McKinley, the evidences are multiplying that the intense desire of their section for an Isthmian canal will lead them to accept the results of President Roosevelt's policy while condemning the methods by which these results were obtained.

❀

The Postal Frauds

In commenting on Mr. Bristow's report upon the postal frauds The Outlook last week said: "There may be reasons of public policy which led the Administration to publish only portions of the report. . . . In our judgment, the President owes it to the country either to make the whole report public, or, with his accustomed frankness, tell the public why he does not do so." We noted also, however, the apparently unofficial statement that the full report would probably be called for by Congress at an early date. We now learn from authoritative sources that, in point of fact, Mr. Bristow's complete report has already been printed in pamphlet form, and will be ready for public distribution as soon as that is

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authorized by the House Committee on Postal Affairs. Technically, the report and the documents connected with it are now in the hands of the House Committee. As the full report contains nearly one hundred thousand words, the reason why it was not sent out to the press generally is sufficiently obvious. The condensed report was drawn up by Mr. Bristow himself, and there is every reason to believe that it contains all the important facts, with the possible exception of some limited portions of the testimony taken by the inspectors which could not properly be given out while the prosecutions were pending.

❀

Secretary Cortelyou's First Report

The first report of the Department of Labor and Commerce, organized under the law passed in February, is necessarily rather a prospectus than a review. Secretary Cortelyou rightly defines the chief work of his Department to be the securing of publicity as a remedy for evils which have eluded public control by eluding public knowledge, and he declares that his own belief in this method of reform will lead him to apply it to the records of his own Department. As far as practicable, he says, he will do away with confidential files. Every official document in the Department, except such as law or public policy demands should be kept secret, will be open to authorized inspection. A part of his report is devoted to allaying the fear in some quarters that the Department contemplates a hostile programme toward corporate enterprise, or will favor the interests of labor to the detriment of those of capital. Upon these points the Secretary defines the attitude of the Department in these words:

> Publicity will disclose unfair dealing, dishonesty, and corruption; but if properly enforced it will not disclose to trade competitors the fruits of individual thrift and initiative, nor permit in any other manner the invasion of private rights.
>
> Capitalists and wage-receivers are to be treated on an equality, for in the matters relating to labor and capital and to their respective representatives the department must stand in the position of an educational office, collecting and publishing such information as will enable each party to understand more fully the prevailing conditions.

This expresses judicially the spirit of the law under which the Department was created. The Bureau of Corporations, to which the entirely new work of the Department was committed, does not propose to embarrass fairly conducted corporations, but it aims to expose the methods by which investors have been cheated through bogus capitalizations and dummy directors, by which taxpayers have been cheated through the gross under-assessment of trust securities and non-assessment of monopoly franchises, and by which small competitors have been injured through contracts preventing dealers from handling their products, or through discriminating prices artificially low where competition is starting, but artificially high where monopoly retains full sway.

❀

The Approaching Deficit

One thing stands out so prominently in Secretary Shaw's report that it overshadows everything else. The Secretary states that in the absence of new taxes or severe retrenchments we must expect a National deficit during the next fiscal year. During the present fiscal year, which ends next June, the income of the National Government is estimated at $674,000,000 and the expenditures at $660,000,000, leaving a surplus of only $14,000,000. During the year that follows, if business remains active and revenues increase with population, the income will rise to $704,000,000, but the expenditures, if present plans remain unchanged, are likely to reach $727,000,000, producing a deficit of $23,000,000. It is evident that during the era of prosperity which the country has enjoyed for the past few years the Government has allowed its expenditures to increase with alarming rapidity. These expenditures are now forty per cent. greater than they were six years ago. The private revenues of our people, out of which public taxes must be collected, have not increased in like ratio. But this is not the most serious feature of the situation. Private revenues have increased largely, so that the present public burdens are not felt as much as they

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would have been six years ago. But the threatening feature remains that a scale of public expenditure has been established which cannot easily be reduced if hard times set in. Indeed, one of the hardest features of hard times is commonly the maintenance of taxation at old rates. In the Secretary's table of expenditures for next year the item of public works (river and harbor improvements, fortifications, ships, etc.) figures at $67,000,000, and most of these expenditures are under contracts authorized by former Congresses, and little criticised because they did not enter into the appropriations of the year in which Congress sanctioned them. These expenditures cannot be reduced, no matter what may be the anxiety of a future Congress to retrench. The interest on the public debt ($24,000,000) is also a fixed charge, no matter what the financial conditions. The pension appropriations, which aggregate nearly $140,000,000, are equally irreducible, for a pension once given becomes practically a contract with the pensioner. The army and navy expenditures, which foot up to $168,000,000 (as against one-third that sum six years ago), may, indeed, be reduced but nothing short of financial panic and moral revolution could suddenly reduce them to the old level. All along the line the reduction of National expenditures once established is an extremely slow, difficult, and irksome task, and if the country is to be prepared for a possible return of hard times it should begin now to practice rigid economy.

❀

Army and Navy

The reports of Secretary Root and Secretary Moody discuss the subject of a General Staff for the army and navy. Secretary Root expresses gratification that the new system has been accepted cheerfully by army officers and the chiefs in the War Department. Mr. Moody urges the creation of a General Staff for the navy, to be responsible for the efficiency of the ships and their personnel, to collect and digest information, and to form plans for possible operations; in short, to act as military adviser of the Secretary, with authority derived only from him. Other points of interest in the report of the Secretary of War are: suggestions to promote the efficiency of the militia, to increase rifle-practice as a prime necessity, to reduce the military force in the Philippines as soon as barracks to house the returning soldiers can be made here, to treat the Philippines commercially "with some fair approach to the advantages which are awarded to the people of Porto Rico and Hawaii," and to increase the amount spent for coast defense. The Secretary of the Navy suggests improvements in the organization of the navy-yards, the consolidation of bureaus in the Navy Department, the establishing of a naval base in the Philippines, and continued gun-practice for marksmanship (during the year there has been improvement in this extremely important branch of the service through the plan of having ships compete with one another for prizes). Mr. Moody reports that a separate Caribbean squadron has been formed, which will have a naval station at Guantanamo, that there has been a steady growth of the navy, and that the men are becoming well trained, the hard-working officers even more keen, intelligent, and zealous than before, while the squadrons are increasing in mobility.

❀

The Menace to Cotton

Apparently the most important feature of the annual report of Mr. James Wilson, Secretary of Agriculture, is his support to the recommendation of Texas and Louisiana Congressmen that not less than five hundred thousand dollars should be appropriated for the extermination of the boll weevil pest. The insect known as the boll weevil first appeared in Texas, coming from Mexico, ten years ago. In addition to the energy of the Division of Entomology in combating the pest, the Bureau of Plant Industry has done considerable work with a view to secure, if possible, early and resistant varieties by breeding and selection. Notwithstanding all that the Department of Agriculture has accomplished, however, the boll weevil pest is constantly spreading north and east, and, in Mr. Wilson's opinion, "it seems

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only a question of time when it will reach all the cotton-growing States." America is thus confronted with as great a problem as was France some time ago, when that country had to deal with the phylloxera which was exterminating the vineyards. Mr. Wilson's recommendation is founded, not only upon a canvass of the situation with representative men in Congress, but also upon a personal visit to the South.

❀

Forestry in America

Last week, in Washington, Secretary Wilson presided at the opening session of the American Forestry Association's meeting. There are indications of a more solid advance in the American forestry movement; first, in the increasing support of the people of the West in a forest reserve policy, and, second, in the statements now made by important lumbermen and railway men that sound lumbering and forestry are not opposed but are identical in policy, and that future supplies can be expected only by the extension of proper forestry methods. The Association pertinently renewed its recommendation that all the Government's forestry work should be consolidated and placed in the Bureau of Forestry instead of as at present being scattered, the General Land Office, the Geological Survey, and the Bureau of Forestry dividing this work among themselves. This recommendation is also made by Mr. Hitchcock, Secretary of the Interior, in his annual report. The American Forestry Association, of course, advocates the proposed Appalachian National Forest Reserve which has received support both in and out of Congress, and indorses the effort to obtain a forest reserve in the White Mountains. The total area now in the National forest reserves comprises over sixty-three million acres. The appropriations for administration have been more than doubled; this increase being justified by the great reduction of timber destroyed by forest fires within the bounds of the reserve. Of course, the value of these services far exceeds the sums appropriated. As to progress in the individual States, the destructive forest fires in the Adirondacks, for instance, show that, no matter how good the laws themselves may be, they are useless in the absence of effective administration. The subject of irrigation is closely allied to that of forestry. As showing the work done and in progress toward reclaiming arid lands, Mr. Hitchcock says in his report:

> The director has stated that a practical application of the provisions of the law in the one and a half years of its existence has shown them to be effective, and that so far as can be foreseen at the present time no further legislation is required, the present law having been found to be of sufficient scope to accomplish its purpose of reclamation.

❀

Panama and Colombia

The latest reports tend to throw doubt upon the earlier rumors that Colombian troops were being moved from several directions toward the Isthmus. It seems probable that the four hundred Colombian soldiers who at the time of the outbreak of the revolution were deported from Colon to Cartagena were there embarked on two Colombian cruisers, with the intention on the part of the Colombian authorities to land them at some point on the coast between Cartagena and the mountainous region which separates the Republic of Panama from the Colombian territory to the north and west. It would seem to be all but impossible for troops to force their way over the mountainous regions, held by more or less hostile Indians, with any reasonable prospect of making an incursion into Panama territory. The United States cruiser Atlanta has just made a careful examination of the coast, and could find no reliable evidence that troops have been landed. The Atlanta's officers report that the Indians are strongly opposed to permitting any troops to pass through their country. General Reyes, the Colombian special envoy in Washington, continues to urge a peaceful solution of the difficulties between the United States and Colombia, and, it is understood, has, since his arrival in Washington, by cable impressed upon his Government the folly of military measures. General Reyes is reported to be in favor of diplomatic efforts to

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secure from Panama a recognition of Colombia's supposed right to share in the payment for the canal privilege, and Panama's alleged duty to assume a portion of Colombia's foreign debt. It seems probable that General Reyes will formally propose to the United States to submit to the Hague Tribunal the claim of Colombia that it was contrary to treaty stipulation for the United States to prevent the landing of Colombian troops on the Isthmus. Meanwhile steps are being taken for the formation of a permanent republican form of government in Panama. The election of delegates to a constitutional convention has been fixed for January 4, and the convention will meet on January 20. Mr. W. I. Buchanan, of New York, it is understood, will be nominated the first United States Minister to Panama, and while the question of his confirmation is before the Senate he will go to the Isthmus as a special commissioner for the State Department.

❀

The Presidential Nomination

The first formal step in the coming Presidential campaign was taken by the Republican National Committee in its conference at Washington last week in the decision that the meeting of the Republican National Convention should be held in Chicago on the 21st day of June. The newspapers have been full of reports of growing opposition to the renomination of President Roosevelt among the leaders of his own party. Such reports, it need hardly be said, always are current six months before the renomination of a candidate for the Presidency. Very little importance need be attached to them at the present time. No attempt to make Senator Hanna the candidate of the Republican party in the coming campaign need be taken seriously. To nominate Mr. Hanna would be to invite inevitable defeat—a fact which is perfectly understood by the Republican leaders. To put any man in the place of Mr. Roosevelt, public feeling being what it is, would be to give the Democrats a first-class opportunity to regain possession of the White House. It is a small matter what the heads of the various machines in the Republican party think; the only important matter is what the people of the United States think; and there is every reason to believe that, so far as they are Republican in their sympathies or influence, they think of nobody but Mr. Roosevelt. The explanation of the recent perturbation in Washington inside Republican circles is a very simple one: Mr. Roosevelt became President by the removal by death of President McKinley; he entered upon his great position without pledges of any kind and with an entirely free hand except as he inherited the policy of his predecessor. For three years the President has been a free man so far as the leaders of his own party are concerned. They have now no hope of defeating him, much as they would like to do so; for it is impossible to imagine the irritation of machine leaders when they have to deal with such a President as Mr. Roosevelt. But Mr. Roosevelt, if he becomes President a second time, must do so as the nominee of his party, and the bosses at Washington are endeavoring to make him feel that he can secure nomination only by their aid, and to obtain from him certain pledges in consequence. This is the sum total of the situation as it now exists. The fact that some Wall Street interests, as they are called, are opposed to Mr. Roosevelt is a fact which will help rather than hurt him through the country at large. The further fact that a small group of Republican bosses in the Senate would like immensely to get him out of the way also greatly adds to his strength with the people at large. Unless public feeling greatly changes between now and next June, nothing can defeat the renomination of Mr. Roosevelt except some action of his own, and those who know him are not afraid that he will fall a victim to the very obvious scheme of the bosses in Washington.

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A Faithful Public Servant

Mr. John R. Procter, President of the United States Civil Service Commission, who died suddenly in Washington last week, was a conspicuous example of vigorous manhood, sterling citizenship,

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and engaging personality. He represented the Southern character at its best, for he was not only courageous and honorable, but these fundamental qualities were touched with a certain sense of chivalry. Born in Kentucky, sent to the University of Pennsylvania to prevent him from joining the Confederate army, he promptly escaped from his studies into the field of action, as did almost every other young man of parts in the South. At the close of the war he returned to Kentucky, after having vainly endeavored to secure a position in the army of Mexico, went to work vigorously to master geology, and became State Geologist. It was his experience as a public officer in Kentucky that opened his eyes to the viciousness of the spoils system. Mr. Procter by instinct adopted the principle that to the public belong all official positions, and they who fill them must be selected for capacity and efficiency. His ideals were too high for his time and place, and he lost his position; but, largely through the efforts of President Roosevelt, he was appointed a member of the Civil Service Commission by President Cleveland, and for a decade gave his heart, his thought, and his life to a work which was thoroughly congenial and for which he was eminently fitted. In that work he was constantly antagonizing public men of a lower grade of moral ideals; he was beset by politicians eager to find places for their friends, and utterly indifferent to public interest so long as their friends were served. In dealing with politicians of this class in both houses of Congress, Mr. Procter showed not only unflinching courage but great patience, courtesy, and tact. He had the confidence and almost invariably the personal liking of every President and of every official with whom he had to deal. He hated the spoils system as any man with even a primary sense of government must hate it, but he was saved from fanaticism by his sense of humor. He was keenly alive to the ridiculous aspects of the system; and much of his effectiveness in persuasion was due to his ability to bring ridicule to bear on a method of conducting public affairs so fundamentally unsound and so obviously un-American. He was a modest man with a genius for friendship, and with a sense of public duty which made him a model public servant. His ten years of service as Civil Service Commissioner were ten years of constructive work along high lines of American statesmanship.

❀

The Emperor of Germany

A good deal of uneasiness is evidently felt in regard to the condition of the Emperor of Germany, from whose throat a slight and, it is said, entirely benignant growth was removed two weeks ago. Many alarming rumors have been circulated, but they have been explicitly denied, and it is believed that the Emperor's condition is not serious. His physicians, however, have prescribed rest and change, and it is probable that he will spend some part of the winter in the milder climate of southern Europe. The fact that the father and mother of the Emperor died of cancer naturally awakens apprehension. The Emperor, moreover, has been a very much overworked man, and is probably suffering from the continuous strain of the last few years. Any serious menace to his health would be not only a national but an international misfortune; for no modern ruler has displayed a greater conscientiousness or more far-seeing ability. For several generations the Kings of Prussia and all the later Emperors of Germany have interpreted the Imperial position in terms of the most exacting public service. If they have claimed high prerogatives, they have held themselves to an equally high standard of public duty. Some of the earlier utterances of the Emperor, taken in connection with his impetuous temperament, awakened the fear that his course might not be prudent or peaceful. Those apprehensions were long ago laid to rest. The Emperor has sedulously fostered peaceful relations between Germany and all other nations. He has gone far to allay the bitter feeling of France, he has done much to promote a better understanding between Germany and England, and his determination to keep on most friendly terms with this

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country has been manifest. Discerning long ago that the tremendous expenditure involved in the present military system of Germany could not be maintained without a great increase in revenue, and discerning with equal clearness the great possibilities of trade expansion in the present day, the Emperor's policy has been to develop in every possible way the commercial strength of Germany. In carrying out this he has shown the sagacity of a far-sighted statesman, dealing with the subject from the broadest point of view and basis and bringing all the resources of German scientific knowledge and training to bear to increasing the efficiency of German manufactures and ultimately of German commerce. The strain of the last fifteen years has been very great; few men could have stood up under it. It is not surprising that the Emperor's health has yielded to a certain extent to this unusual draft.

❀

The Japanese Parliamentary Crisis

Last week the Mikado opened the Japanese Diet in person—it had already met the previous week for the transaction of initial business—and read an address in which he alluded as follows to Russo-Japanese rivalry:

> As regards the negotiations concerning the important diplomatic matter of maintaining peace in the Orient and our rights, we have instructed our Ministers carefully to attend to their duties.

This slight allusion to the burning question of the hour bitterly disappointed the members of the lower House. With extraordinary expedition they framed and unanimously passed the following answer:

> The members of your Majesty's House of Representatives profoundly regret that at a juncture so critical, involving the fate of the nation, the course pursued by the Cabinet is ill adapted to the needs of the situation and is not consistent with the enhancement of national influences. The policy of the Ministry has been shown to be inconsistent with the progress of the Empire, being purely domestic and temporizing. Their diplomacy is a failure, and we humbly appeal to your Majesty to review the situation. Solicitude for the progress of the Empire dictates this reply, which represents the national expectations.

Such a reply to a speech from the throne was unprecedented. It provoked an equally expeditious act on the Mikado's part. He summoned the Cabinet and agreed to give time to the House of Representatives to reconsider its resolution. The House refused, whereupon the Mikado dissolved the Diet. By so doing he secures a free hand for some months, as it is not necessary to convene a new House before April 5. The House of Peers did not take part in the criticism; its members are largely supporters of Viscount Katsura, the Premier, whose Cabinet is supposed also to enjoy the Mikado's entire confidence. The Cabinet triumphs, however, in virtue of its responsibility, not to Parliament, as is the case in England, but to the Emperor, as in Germany. The question now is, Will the people of Japan force their ruler's hand?

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The Open Door in Korea

Last week Mr. Allen, American Minister to Korea, had an interview with the monarch of that country relative to the opening of Wiju, a port on the Yalu River, to the world's commerce. We are informed that Wiju was selected by the United States as a prospective port instead of Yongampho, because, lying forty miles above the latter port, which is at the mouth of the Yalu River, the country within that limit will likewise be open to traffic and neutralized, a substantial gain in the extent of the market afforded. Antung, on the Manchurian side of the Yalu, has already been agreed upon by America and China as a treaty port. The commercial position of Antung would of course be greatly improved if Wiju, on the opposite side of the river, were also neutralized. A day or two following Mr. Allen's request, as a protest, a squadron of Russian warships appeared in the port of Chemulpo, the nearest port to Seoul, the Korean capital. It had been announced the previous week that the Czar approved in outline a Russo-Japanese agreement providing for the reciprocal recognition of the respective rights of the two Powers in Manchuria and Korea. Those of Japan in Korea have long amounted virtually to commercial and political control. It would now seem, however,

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as if Russia were determined to be paramount in Korea also, even while diplomatically disclaiming any such intention. The presence of a Russian squadron at Chemulpo gives point to the Japanese popular protest in the Diet last week a ainst further dallying with a Power which apparently has so little respect for its own promises. The Manchurian "evacuation" by Russia was sufficiently impressive in this respect. The Korean "hands off" threat by Russia promises to be equally so.

❀

The Cretan Plan in Macedonia

The Sultan of Turkey has at last accepted in principle the recent Russo-Austrian note concerning reforms in Macedonia, which doubles the drastic nature of the reforms suggested by Russia and Austria last spring. The two Powers, however, have apparently no intention of being satisfied even with this second scheme. Immediately upon the Sultan's acceptance they issued a letter to the other Powers inviting them to unite in proposing to him the international administration of Macedonia along the lines observed in the present government of the island of Crete. The latest insurrection of the Christians in Crete was the occasion for an invasion of the island by Greek volunteers, and this led to the interference of the Great Powers, whose naval forces blockaded the coast, prevented the arrival of arms and reinforcements, and occupied the ports to preserve order. Finally the Sultan granted an autonomous government and withdrew the Turkish garrisons. Since then the island has been administered under the Sultan's suzerainty by a High Commissioner, acting on the part of the Powers. Prince George of Greece, second son of the King of the Hellenes, has occupied this position. He is Commander-in-Chief of the military forces and appoints the Ministers, who may take part in the discussions of the Legislature but have no power to vote. Questions affecting the foreign relations of Crete are decided by the Ambassadors of the Powers accredited to the King of Italy. At first the Powers kept a large force in Crete, but at present it does not exceed sixteen hundred men. A Christian Governor for the Lebanon and a Christian Governor for Crete have been able to preserve peace in those regions; the appointment of a Christian Governor for Macedonia, together with the grant of autonomous government, would be likely to preserve peace there also. As the Sultan was at last moved to accept the Lebanon and then the Cretan plan, so, it is hoped, he will ultimately be led to accept the same plan for Macedonia. Russia and Austria have probably been led to this third and most significant step because of their belief that only such a step would prevent another Macedonian rising in the spring (to be attended perhaps by worse horrors than those which marked the insurrection of last summer), and followed presumably by a war between Turkey and Bulgaria. True to his accustomed and often successful policy, the Sultan will undoubtedly endeavor to instigate dissensions among the Powers regarding an international administration for Macedonia. All friends of civilization, however, will hope that the cumulative steps taken by Russia and Austria may succeed, not only partially, but entirely, and be the means of dispelling that perennial menace to the peace of Europe, a Macedonian rising.

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American Rights and Privileges in Turkey

The latest advices from our countrymen in Turkey say that American claims are still unsettled, though some outrageous injustice has been stopped. The professor in the American college at Harput, and others accused of disloyal practices, are no longer barbarously treated. The government prosecutor has announced that there was no evidence against the majority of the prisoners, and two of the judges who issued the indictment have been ousted. The release of those still under arrest is hoped for, with reforms giving security in future. Permission has been given to rebuild the theological seminary at Marsovan, destroyed in the period of massacre 1895–96, and other buildings are going on there and elsewhere. But on the main question, whether American citizens and institu-

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tions shall be granted the same rights and privileges in Turkey as have been granted to those of England, France, Germany, Italy, and Russia, the present attitude of the Sultan is represented as a practical rejection of our claim. The entire American colony at Constantinople approved the sending of our squadron to Beirut, and it will be remembered that at the recent meeting of the American Board it was unanimously urged that the squadron be retained in Turkish waters till the claim was conceded. A possible additional reason for the presence of the ships may lie in the withdrawal of Mr. Davis, the American Consul at Alexandretta, from that Mediterranean port, because of alleged lack of consideration due to his official rank. Mr. Davis was attempting to protect Ohannes Attarian, a naturalized American citizen and a native of Armenia. Attarian had been in prison during the past two months and had just been liberated through the investigation of the American consular representative on condition of leaving the country forthwith. Mr. Davis was accompanying Attarian on board a departing steamer, when the Turkish police intercepted the party, assaulted and insulted Mr. Davis, and, despite his resistance, rearrested Attarian and took him back to prison. The Armenian had been naturalized in Paterson, New Jersey, where he worked for several years as a brass-molder. The Turks claimed that he had been traveling under the protection of a defective passport, that he had not obtained the Turkish official permission, and that he was leaving the port without complying with certain necessary formalities. In Mr. Davis's opinion, evidently these formalities were unnecessary; at all events, he declined to wait. The State Department will take no action in the matter until it has received a full report from Mr. Leishman, American Minister at Constantinople.

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The Methodist Episcopal Heresy Case

We have now received the specifications of the charge of heresy brought against Professor Borden P. Bowne, of Boston University, and referred to by us last week. These are briefly that he disseminates views concerning the Deity, the inspiration and authority of the Scriptures, the atonement, the future life, and Christian experience which are "contrary to the teaching of those Scriptures and contrary to the recognized standards of doctrine in the Methodist Episcopal Church." These specifications do not of themselves throw much light on the real nature of the charges. The accuser has, however, published a pamphlet critique of the teachings of Professor Bowne, and this gives to his accusation a fuller interpretation. Condensing this pamphlet, which the curious reader may probably obtain of the Cushman Press, 291–293 Congress Street, Boston, these accusations are substantially that Professor Bowne teaches the following heresies: he teaches, respecting the Bible, that "we have no longer a dictated and an infallible book, but we have the record of the self-revelation of God in history, and in the thought and feeling of holy men;" respecting the atonement, that "no theory will do which views God as without obligation, or as needing propitiation, or as being propitiated by a quantum of suffering," but we must have a "view which seeks to understand the Saviour's work by the principles and analogies of the ethical realm rather than by those of the governmental and juristic realm;" respecting eschatology, that "a large part of religious effort seems to be directed to saving men from Hell rather than saving them from sinning, and to get men to Heaven instead of recovering them to holiness of heart and life—a frightful heresy both in faith and practice;" and in Christian experience, *first*, that "the language of theory is put forward as the language of experience, and then confusion arises; by consequence, a great many try to experience theology instead of experiencing religion;" *second*, that confusion arises from "mistaking the hard and fast lines and antitheses of theological ethics for concrete facts among living men," the concrete fact requiring us to view "great masses of men as neither saved nor lost, but as developing toward these conditions,"

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and, *third*, that it is a mistake "to test conversion by its emotional attendants." We do not affirm that in this pamphlet Professor Bowne's teaching is correctly set forth. The accusation against him has produced such a demand for the three booklets in which these obnoxious sentiments are supposed to be found that they are not at this writing to be had of the publisher, though a new supply is promised. Nor, if his teachings are truly and adequately represented in this pamphlet, does it come within our province, as an undenominational journal, to decide whether or not they are "contrary to the recognized standards of doctrine in the Methodist Episcopal Church." They certainly are not contrary to the faith as held in other evangelical churches. The doctrine of revelation above portrayed will be found admirably stated by the late Professor Harris, of Yale, in his "Self-Revelation of God;" the doctrine of the atonement in a long line of theologians from Clement of Alexandria to Horace Bushnell; and the doctrines of eschatology and of Christian experience by such defenders of the faith as Edwards A. Park, such expositors of the Christian life as Jacob Abbott in "The Young Christian," and such popular preachers as Henry Drummond, Phillips Brooks, and even Dwight L. Moody. Doubtless Professor Bowne has stated their views in his own way; but, if we can judge from the representations of them by his accuser, they are to be classified with the protests made in all ages of the Church against a formal and theological religion in the name of a religion that is practical and vital.

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Henry Clay Trumbull

The recent death of the Rev. Henry Clay Trumbull, D.D., for many years the editor of the "Sunday-School Times," removes a widely influential and most estimable man. Passing from college studies into railroad business for seven years, thence into service as a Sunday-school missionary, thence into a chaplaincy in the Civil War, he carried into his life-work in the promotion of Sunday-school interests a varied experience that contributed to his power. He learned homiletics, as the art of putting things, not from seminary teachers but from practice in his regiment and among fellow-captives in Confederate prisons. In some lines of scholarly research also he made his mark, particularly in Oriental and Hebrew studies. His leadership in the field of religious education was attested in his Yale Lectures on the Sunday-school, and in successive books. In his ethical writings the old-time Puritan, in his religious writings the modern evangelical character, are conspicuous. A man of conservative spirit, positive convictions, courageous and chivalrous, strenuous and sincere, he left an impress, unique and lasting, on all who knew him.

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The Excise Law in New York City

All those who have studied the conditions of life in New York City are agreed that the present Excise Law is demoralizing: it does not promote temperance, it does promote blackmail. The Legislature enacts a law obnoxious to the city; the city elects officers *not* to enforce it; and the officers use the club which the law puts in their hands to extort money from the saloon-keepers. For this condition of affairs two remedies have been proposed: one, to go to the Legislature and ask for a change of the law, allowing a Sunday sale of liquor either behind closed doors or during certain specified hours; the other, to extend to the cities in some form the same principle of local option which is now extended over all rural communities in the State. The first method we reject as both impracticable and unjust: impracticable because no Legislature will enact such a law; unjust because it ought not to provide for any Sunday sale of liquor until it is known whether the cities desire it. Very competent judges, including Mr. Jerome himself, who advocates Sunday selling after one o'clock, are of the opinion that if the question were submitted to the people of the city they would vote against a Sunday sale by an overwhelming majority. On the other hand, the extension over the cities of local option in the form in which it now exists in the rural communities is declared by experienced men as

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impracticable for a variety of reasons, chiefly two: if the question were submitted to the whole city, and the sale in one section which wanted it was forbidden by majorities in other sections which did not want it, the old conditions would be repeated in a new form; if it were submitted by wards or districts, a liquor-selling ward would be separated from a closed ward by an intangible line in the middle of the street, and two laws for two communities so nearly identical would be impossible of enforcement. General F. V. Greene, the Police Commissioner, has proposed as a way out of the difficulty the following plan:

> Let the Legislature amend the existing liquor tax law by adding the following:
>
> Provided, That the hours during which liquors may be sold in the city of New York under the provisions of this act shall be fixed and determined, from time to time, by a board consisting of the Mayor, the Comptroller, and the Police Commissioner in said city, and said hours need not be uniform in all parts of said city. The said board shall keep a record of its proceedings, and its meetings shall be public.
>
> This law shall not take effect until it shall have been, at a general election, submitted to the people of the city of New York, and have received a majority of all the votes cast for and against it at such election, and the same shall be submitted to the people of the city of New York at the general election to be held in November, 1904.

The advantages of this plan are, first, that it provides for getting the judgment of the city on the general question; second, that it makes it possible to provide different laws and different restrictions for different sections of the great metropolis. The Citizens' Union's Committee on Excise, however, has, by a majority of nearly three to one, given its support to Mr. Jerome's plan for Sunday opening in New York City by legislative act, as against all proposals to leave the settlement of the city's problem to the city's voters. It is hardly necessary for The Outlook to repeat that this proposal that the open Sunday saloon be imposed upon the people of New York City whether they want it or not seems to us preposterous. Fortunately, neither of the great party organizations is ready to indorse any such defiance of temperance and home rule sentiment, and the Legislature is certain to reject it.

The Bible in the Public School

The report that the Supreme Court of Nebraska has held that all reading of the Bible in the public schools is forbidden by the Constitution of the State is by no means justified by the actual decision. The Constitution of that State (Art. viii., sec. 11) provides that "no sectarian instruction shall be allowed in any school or institution supported in whole or in part by the public funds set apart for educational purposes; nor shall the State accept any grant, conveyance, or bequests of money, lands, or other property to be used for sectarian purposes." Under this clause the Court has held that the use of the Bible for the purposes of worship and as a part of religious exercises held in accordance with the tenets and practices of a particular denomination or a number of denominations is not permissible. The case was this: The teacher in a certain public school was in the habit of holding regular morning exercises, consisting of the reading of passages from the Scriptures, the singing of gospel hymns, and a prayer. All the pupils were compelled to join in these exercises. A patron of the school district applied for a writ of mandamus to require the officers of the school district to put an end to these exercises, and the writ was granted. The ground of this decision is thus stated by the Court to which the case was appealed:

> It is said by Commissioner Ames that the morning exercises conducted by Miss —— constituted sectarian instruction. This conclusion is vigorously assailed, but in our judgment it is warranted by the evidence and we adhere to it. The decision does not, however, go to the extent of entirely excluding the Bible from the public schools. It goes only to the extent of denying the right to use it for the purpose of imparting sectarian instruction. The pith of the opinion is in the syllabus which declares that "exercises by a teacher in a public school in a school building in school hours and in the presence of the pupils; consisting of the reading of passages from the Bible and in the singing of songs and hymns and offering prayer to the Deity in accordance with the doctrines, beliefs, customs, or usages of sectarian churches or religious organizations, are forbidden by the Constitution of this State."

The Court further held that it was immaterial whether attendance upon such exercises was required or voluntary, since if held during school hours the

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requests of the teachers are practically equivalent to commands; that it was immaterial whether the objection of a patron of the school to such exercises is reasonable or unreasonable, because the right to object to such exercises is granted by the Constitution; and that the mere fact that the Bible was read in the school would not of itself constitute a violation of the law, but that in order to come in conflict with the constitutional provision, the reading of the Bible must be a portion of some religious exercise, or of itself, under the circumstances of the case, a religious exercise. There is apparently nothing in the decision which forbids the use of the Bible for purposes of historical or ethical instruction.

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The Child and the World

Christmas, 1903

The Child born in Bethlehem nineteen hundred years ago came into a world ruled by force, under the dominion of a race notable among the races for its organizing and governing genius and for its lack of spiritual ideas. It has been said of the Romans that they borrowed their religion and their philosophy and stole their art. No one of the supreme interests of life, save that of conduct, was supreme with the best of them; in no one of the highest fields of endeavor did they produce works of the highest genius. So capable a race could not utterly lack religious ideals, and the charm of their most intimate feeling for the divine is found in their domestic deities and worship, in the sweet familiarities with spirits of localities, so sympathetically described in the early chapters of "Marius the Epicurean." Such a race could not, and did not, lack noble-minded and noble-hearted men; but when all the poetry and piety of the Romans is generously measured, how far the sum of these things falls below their unparalleled vigor of action, their marvelous power of organization!

It was a hard, brutal world, in spite of the beauty and refinement of certain aspects of its civilization, into which Christ was born. He came, the incarnation of helplessness, into a society in which the strongest ruled by virtue of the power of destruction; he came, the Child of divine tenderness and love, into a world in which men held power more precious than love, and the ability to strike above the ability to bear. There could not have been a more appalling disparity than that which existed between the Child in the cradle and the ideals and order of the society which that Child was sent to transform. The task laid upon the Child seemed impossible of achievement. To set a Child to destroy the rule of force seemed like the wild dream of some fanatic who knew neither the power with which he worked nor the power which he would destroy.

But Rome has gone long ago, and the chief association of the name to the modern world is its worship of the Child. On Christmas Eve, in all the Western world, and wherever men or ideas of Western birth are found in the East, the face of the Child will look out of the mist of years as the divinest vision which has ever lightened the darkness of the world; and on Christmas morning there will be a pealing of bells that will follow the sun round the globe announcing again the glad tidings that Christ is born in Bethlehem.

In that wonderful story many great truths are rooted; supreme among them the blessed fact that all the best things of which the noblest men and women have dreamed are true; that no thought of life can be too great, and no hope of the future too blissful. If the most thoroughgoing pessimist of to-day could be put back into the social, political, and industrial conditions into which Christ came, so as to see them close at hand and feel the weight of them in his heart, he would break into a psalm of thanksgiving. We have gone but a little way towards the establishment of the Kingdom of Heaven on earth, but we have gone far enough to change the whole moral landscape of life, and to light a thousand fires of hope and cheer where the night lay chill and black when the Child was laid in the manger at Bethlehem.

To-day that Child is born again in a world ruled by greed rather than by force; a world in which men have gone

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far towards learning the great lessons of tolerance, forbearance, and peace, but in which they have still to learn the great lesson of mutual responsibility for and to one another. The struggle for wealth was never so keen and bitter; never were so many men absorbed in it to the exclusion of all interest in the things that make money worth having when it has been gotten. The rush and tumult of the struggle are sometimes almost unbearable to those who know what life is and what it means; the heartlessness and heedlessness of the fight are sometimes so revolting that one longs to get where no sound or sign of it can penetrate; the vulgarity and sham of it fill rational men and women with loathing. The brutal indifference to the rights of others; the relentless crushing of the weak by the strong; the coarse setting aside of the sanctities of marriage and the multiplication of legalized adulteries by means of cheap and easy divorce; the shoddy splendor and coarse manners of much miscalled society; the push of men whose only object is to "get there," the strident voices of women who have given up the old refinements of womanhood without gaining any real power or efficiency in exchange—all the noise and confusion and crudity and vulgarity of the modern world at times almost blight the hopes and blast the spirits of those who love the best things.

There are many side-lights to be thrown on this depressing condition of things which greatly change its character and give it a different and a far brighter aspect. At the very worst it is a far kindlier, more human, more unselfish world than that in which Christ was born. But, passing all those things by, the season brings one great and unshakable hope to our hearts: The Child who transformed the World of Force will also transform the World of Greed! The task seems to many to-day almost impossible of accomplishment, so great is the disparity between the invisible power of love and the organized force of selfishness. But love and greed are far more nearly matched to the eye of the most superficial observer than were love and power. The World of Greed is already penetrated by the influences that flow from the heart and mind of the Child. Intent as that world is on its own success, it already pays love the respect of a decent regard for appearances; vulgar as it is, it is stirred by an uneasy consciousness that there are better things than it possesses; eager and brutal as it is in pursuit of its ends, it is smitten with the growing knowledge that it is being mocked by that to which it has given its heart, and that there is something at work in society which defeats its final and perfect satisfaction with its gains.

The bells of Christmas-tide ring out the ultimate doom of greed as they long ago rang out the ultimate doom of force. Men may think and say what they choose, but there is a power in the Child which silently and steadily saps all evil or lower powers; a wisdom in the Child which shines more and more above the wisdom of the wisest; a beauty which sinks deeper and deeper into the consciousness of the world; an ideal which relentlessly judges all lesser ideals and rejects them. It may be that two thousand years more must pass before the Kingdom of Greed follows the Kingdom of Force; but every year the power of the Child gains on the base and brutal forces which oppose it, and every year the love which the Child came to reveal lights the dark skies with a kindling promise of day.

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Herbert Spencer

Elsewhere in this issue we print a scholar's estimate of Herbert Spencer as a philosopher, and in our issue for January 2 we shall publish, with a portrait, a sketch of him as a man. Here we add our own estimate of him as an influence on the religious thought of his age. It is true that he was not a theological thinker; his philosophy denied that there is any place in rational thought for a theology. Religion involves some sort of an intelligible relation between God and man. It was one of the postulates of Herbert Spencer's philosophy that the Eternal is the Unknown and the Unknowable, and therefore there is no possibility of an intelli-

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gible relation between God and man. And yet we are inclined to think that his most considerable influence is that which he has exerted on the religious thought of his age, and that it has been largely beneficent. But it has been less the influence of an original thinker than of an unconscious exponent of the thought currents of his time. He has expressed the Zeitgeist, and in expressing it he has helped to develop it, mainly in the direction of a saner and more reverent thinking. And yet the age has not followed his lead.

Mr. Spencer's attempt to create a universology was too ambitious for any man's accomplishment. His claim "that he had outlined an original, consistent, and universal metaphysical system," no scholar, probably, would now allow. And yet his influence has perhaps been greater than that of any other one thinker in producing in the popular mind the belief that beneath all the varied phenomena of life there is a real though an imperfectly comprehended unity. In the eighteenth century and the first half of the nineteenth, such was not the common faith. Not only the general public, but the popular teachers, especially the religious teachers, conceived of two worlds, a natural and a supernatural, and two spheres of thought, science and religion. In the main, science had to do with nature, religion with the supernatural. The Christian Church is now coming to perceive that there is but one world; that the natural is all supernatural; that the supernatural is all most natural. It is true that Herbert Spencer's contribution to this growing belief in the unity of the universe was partly achieved by denying all knowledge of the supernatural, or let us say of the super-sensuous, except that it exists. It is also true that the recognition of the unity of the universe is not original with Herbert Spencer. As Professor Calkins says, "the doctrine of one infinite reality underlying all phenomena is common to all forms of monistic philosophy." But as expounded by Mr. Spencer, it came with all the force of an original discovery to a great body of thoughtful but non-scholastic men. The fact that it was a novelty to him helped to make it appear novel to others, and to add freshness and zest to it; and the fact that it was fought so bitterly by religionists, who thought that the very foundations of religion were being undermined by teaching that the supernatural was natural, gave to the teaching a bearing and eventually an influence it never would have received but for its opponents.

Closely connected with this influence on the popular mind has been another, not less important nor less beneficent—that produced by that doctrine of agnosticism with which Mr. Spencer's name is universally connected. His endeavor to define a boundary and prohibit all attempts to pass beyond it, on the ground that the realm beyond the observable is the unknowable, has not succeeded. It is still as true as when Paul wrote the words, that "the spirit searcheth all things, yea, the deep things of God." But if Mr. Spencer did not succeed in persuading his generation that they *could* not know *anything* about God, he did succeed in persuading them that they *did* not know *everything* about God. Theologically, the beginning of the twentieth century is more modest than was the beginning of the nineteenth. Some of us can remember how theology charted God, much as the phrenologist charted the head of the sitter; how it catalogued all his attributes; how readily it gave an affirmative answer to Job's question, "Canst thou by searching find out God? Canst thou find out the Almighty unto perfection?" And with this tabulation of his attributes went a kind of veiled polytheism, a personalization of God's offices, a conception of a Creator and Moral Governor, powerful and just, a Redeemer who placated the righteous indignation of the Moral Governor, and a Holy Spirit who came to earth as the messenger and missionary of the other two; and to these was added a fourth though inferior deity, a Satan who hindered and thwarted the divine work of the three Superiors. This doctrine was not taught in theology, but it was vaguely held in solution in religious thinking, and was not infrequently implicit in popular preaching. Herbert Spencer's emphasis on the one Infinite and Eternal Energy from which

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all things proceed has both interpreted and added emphasis to the movement toward a more reverent and a more rational, if a more modest and less defined, faith in one God, a movement which to-day is compelling the Church to reconstruct its doctrine of the Trinity in a less tri-theistic form, as a threefold manifestation of the one God and Father of us all. No wonder that men who confounded this definition of God with God himself were hot with anger when they saw their definitions undermined and the popular faith in them disappearing; as angry as were the people of Ophrah when Gideon cut down the altar of Baal. Herbert Spencer was not a Gideon, but he did Gideon's work of destruction very effectively. It is true that his philosophy contented itself with destroying the old dogmatic definitions of the Deity and offered nothing to take their place. Their place he declared never could be taken. He was equally positive in his affirmation that there is an Infinite and Eternal Energy from which all things proceed and in his denial that anything can be learned about that Energy from the things which proceed from him. But, as in many an analogous case, the world has accepted his affirmation and denied his denials. Its faith in the unity and universal presence of God has been strengthened; its faith that consciousness is not interrogated in vain for testimony respecting the nature of God has not been shattered.

Thus consciously helping to accustom the men of his day to look for a unity in nature and in life, and unconsciously helping them to recognize with humble awe an element of mystery in its Divine Creator and Ruler, Mr. Spencer has also helped to put his contemporaries on the track of that law of evolution, the understanding of which has done so much to lighten the burden and illumine the dark things of life. Professor Calkins well points out that "German writers precede Spencer in the formulation of an evolution doctrine, especially as it concerns human conduct and ideas." But the popular teachers, whether secular or religious, knew nothing of the German writers. And in order that they should know the evolution doctrine, it was not enough that the German writers should be translated into English; it was necessary that the evolution doctrine should be formulated by an Englishman. The defects of the formulation became its excellencies, regarded as a popular exposition. It was not Germanesque; it was thoroughly English. In some of its aspects it was a somewhat Philistine, or let us say materialistic, interpretation; but then it was given to a Philistine or materialistic age. It was not always, as Professor Calkins shows, self-consistent. But as the inconsistency was not known to Mr. Spencer and was rarely discovered by his readers, the exposition possessed that simplicity which is perhaps the first qualification for popular currency of a philosophical theory.

Herbert Spencer had outlived both his fame and his influence. Like all men who interpret the age to itself, his voice will not be heard now that the generation for which, as well as to which, he spoke has past. But the religious world will never go back to the semi-polytheistic conception of the universe, to the self-satisfied measurements of the Almighty, and to the despairing interpretation of life as a hopeless jumble of incongruities, from all of which it has escaped. That its beliefs to-day are more simple, more humble, more hopeful, is due in no inconsiderable measure to the interpretation of its thinking given to it by Herbert Spencer. He is not generally regarded as a religious man. His philosophy, taken as a whole, affords no basis for religion, if religion involves dependence upon and fellowship with God. But his severest critics might well learn a lesson of devotion from his life. Consecrated to the truth as he saw it, laboring for years without hope of reward either in money or honor, living economically on a very slender income, unexpectant of recognition, he devoted himself to the instruction of the world in what he believed to be the "first principles" of truth, with a heroism and self-sacrifice that are all the more worthy of honor because they were always unconscious. And those who believe with us that the knowledge of the spiritual verities, the knowledge which comes by faith, is more immediate, more di-

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rect, more trustworthy than that which rests by inference on what we call the testimony of our senses, may well believe that in that phase of life on which Herbert Spencer has now entered, the unknown has become clear, and the God of truth and of life, who was to him here but a Mystery, inspiring awe but incapable of friendship, has become to him the Great Companion.

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Letters to a Minister

The Function of the Ministry

There are three professions which are somewhat analogous to the ministry—journalism, authorship, teaching. It is important for your success in your work that you discriminate clearly your functions from those of these three professions.

The function of the journalist is twofold. It is, first, to gather information as to what is going on in the world and make it public; it is, second, to interpret those events—to show what are their relations to public welfare and to private character, and to show their meaning and their significance. The first function the modern American journals do admirably. Their energy and enterprise are beyond anything ever before imagined. The second function they do not perform so well.

Certainly the minister cannot do the first work nearly as well as the journalist can do it. During the coal strike a Congregational minister of my acquaintance spent two weeks in Pennsylvania investigating the coal strike, and then came back and told his congregation about it. It was an enterprising thing to do, and yet I doubt whether he could investigate it as well as the average newspaper reporter, and certainly he could not tell as wide a public the result of his investigation as the average newspaper editor. At the time of the lynching of the negro in Delaware an Episcopal minister went to Maryland from Brooklyn, and came back and reported the result of his investigation. The newspaper gave to his report a wide circulation; and to that extent he became a newspaper reporter; whether he gained in dignity, or the community gained in wisdom, I am not so sure. Beware of the temptation of preaching to the press; beware of the temptation, when you preach, of thinking of the man who is just below you taking down the sermon; look at your congregation and think only of them. This Sabbath morning is the one chance of the week to speak to these men and these women before you. If the coal strike is the best thing that you can think of to speak to them about, if the lynching in Delaware furnishes the topic on which you think it is more important to give them moral instruction than anything else in the whole realm of human experience, take it. Take the theme that comes nearest to life; but be sure that it comes nearest to the life of your congregation; do not take it because it will be most likely to be reported in the morning newspaper. Speaking broadly, you may take a current event to illustrate a great moral principle, as Jesus Christ took the fall of the tower of Siloam; you may bring a great moral principle to bear upon a current event, if that event enters into the life of your own congregation and involves some direct and immediate duty for them. But it is not your function to report current events; and it is your function to interpret current events only as they constitute the theme of supreme *moral importance* as well as the theme of supreme *journalistic interest.*

The author is an artist; his book, his poem, his novel, is a work of art, and is to be measured primarily by its artistic qualities. In some sense the orator is an artist; his oration is a work of art; in some sense his oration is to be measured by its artistic qualities. The sermon is not a work of art; that is, it is not to be measured by its artistic qualities. Its power does not lie in what men call oratory. If there can be anything more foolish than for a congregation to imagine that one man can give fifty-two orations in a year, it is for that man himself to imagine that he can do it. Read the works of the great orators—Demosthenes, Cicero, Burke, Chatham, Webster, Calhoun, Sumner—how many orations? Six, ten, a dozen, possibly twenty, in a lifetime; and you

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or I expect to produce one oration a week—fifty-two a year!

The power of a sermon is interpreted in that Roman Catholic word—Father. The father gathers his children about him in the gloaming and talks to them; tells them a story, gives them counsel. It is not a very artistic story; it is not very eloquent counsel. If it were taken down by a shorthand writer and printed in a book, it would not be read by a great number of readers. But the children want it, and they would rather have the counsel that father gives than any other counsel from any other man. Its power is due to the personal relation. The power of your sermon must be the power of a personal relation; the counsel of a personal friend to personal friends; the revelation of God by a soul full of his Spirit to a congregation who need him. Be afraid of great sermons. You may, perhaps, preach one occasionally by accident, but it always ought to be an accident. The value of your sermon will lie in its power to impart life to your congregation. If your congregation go away admiring the sermon, you have failed; if they go away forgetting the sermon, but carrying with them an impulse to a new life, coming they know not whence or how, you have succeeded. If, when you have preached your sermon, some one comes up after the service and says, "That was a great sermon you gave us this morning," go home for an hour of humiliation, fasting, and prayer. If some one comes up with tears in her eyes and a choking in her voice, and says, "Thank you, you helped me this morning," go home to give God thanks that he has used you.

The function of a teacher is to gather out of all the reservoired experience of the past what it has for us and give it to the oncoming generation. We wonder sometimes that the world does not grow wise faster. Six thousand years, and so little progress! Oh, no, not six thousand years; the world of men is only about forty or fifty years old, sixty at the utmost; for the world of men is no older than a generation. The babes come into the infant school knowing no more than their fathers knew, and, when they have learned what this life has to teach them, they go out into whatever school there lies beyond, we know not. It is the function of the teacher to take the reservoired experience of the past and give just as much of it as is possible to the infants as they come on to the stage. The teacher draws from experience. The minister is to do that also, but not primarily, not chiefly; that is not his great work.

We have long since come to the conclusion that the minister is not primarily the secular educator. That he is not is American doctrine; in its birth and origin almost exclusively American doctrine. In England and in France today they are fighting over the question whether education belongs to the Church or to the State. In England the Church seems to be temporarily victorious; in France, the State. But in this country we have agreed that secular education is the function of the State, not of the Church, and I do not need to argue that the public school is, on the whole, better for the community than the parochial school.

But it is not only secular education we ministers are to leave to others; so-called religious education also is to take the secondary place in our ministry. The sermon is not a lecture, the pulpit is not a lecture platform, and the object of a sermon is not to gather out of the experience of the past information for the instruction of a people in the future. You are not, in your ministry, primarily a teacher of Biblical criticism, or even of theology. You are to be an imparter of religion. Religion is the life of God in the soul of man; theology is what men think about that life of God in the soul of man. Your function is to impart the life, not primarily to teach what men think about the life. You may wisely use your pulpit for lecture purposes; you may take a Sunday afternoon, or a Sunday evening, or a Bible class, for telling the people what is the latest view of the Bible, or for giving them literary lectures or scientific lectures, if you wish. But lectures are not sermons.

What is a sermon? That I shall try to tell you in my next letter.

L. A.

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As of Old

By Arthur D. A. Randolph

The night is calm,
The stars shine clear,
  The sky is all aglow:
A heavenly messenger draws near
  As, centuries ago,
On Bethlehem plain
  The angel spoke
The birth of Christ
  To shepherd folk.

Above the din
Of market-place,
  The turmoil and the strife—
Alike to honor or disgrace—
  To all the walks of life,
This Christmas night
  The angels bring
Glad tidings of
  The new-born King.

Be still this night,
O restless town!
  Forget the loss or gain—
The angel song comes floating down,
  A sweet and heavenly strain.
Let, if you can,
  The song fulfill
Peace upon earth,
  To men good will.

A Christmas Confession

By Agnes McClelland Daulton

PHILAMACLIQUE lay wrapped softly in snow. The trees arching the wide streets swayed in the stinging winter wind and silently dropped their white plumes upon the head of the occasional pedestrian. Over the old town peace brooded. The snow deadened the passing footstep; the runners of the rude sleds, the hoofs of the farm horses, made no sound; sleepy quiet prevailed but for the rare jingle of sleigh-bells or the gay calling of children's voices.

The rollicking morning sun, having set the town a-glitter without adding a hint of warmth, smiled broadly as he peeped into the snowy-curtained window of a little red brick house on the north side of High Street. Here in the quaint, low sitting-room he found good cheer a-plenty. The red geraniums on the window-sill, the worn but comfortable furniture, the crackling wood fire upon the hearth, the dozing cat upon the hearth-rug, even the creaking of the rocking-chairs, whispered of warmth and rest and homeliness.

"So I just run over to tell you, seein' the snow was too deep for you to get out to prayer-meetin'," wheezed Mrs. Keel, blinking at the sun and creaking heavily back and forth in the old rush-bottomed rocker. "Says I to Joel at breakfast, 'Granny Simmers will be pleased as Punch, for she always did love a frolic, so I'll just run over and tell her while Mellie is washin' the dishes and I'm waitin' for the bread to raise."

"It was real kind of you, Sister Keel, with your asthmy an' rheumatiz," quavered Granny, folding her checked breakfast shawl more closely about her slender shoulders, as she sat excitedly poised like a little gray bird on the edge of her chair. "Jest to think of us Methodists havin' a Christmas-tree after all these years. My! how I wish it had come in John's time! I remember once, when we was livin' out on the farm, says he to me, 'Polly, if the preacher says we'll have a tree this year, you and me 'll hitch up Dolly an' go to town an' buy a gif' fer every man, woman, an' child.'

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Dolly was our bay buggy-beast, an' the best mare in the neighborhood, so John was as choice of her as he was of me a'most, an' that was a deal for him to offer."

"Law, Granny, how well I remember him and you ridin' so happy in that little green wicker sleigh!" exclaimed Mrs. Keel, as she ponderously drew herself from the deeps of her chair. "I must be goin' now. It was awful nice of Brother Sutton to decide for the Christmas tree when he found the infant class was achin' for it. His face was beamin' last night like a seryphim. The children are about wild; Emmie says she wants a pony; guess we'd have some trouble hangin' that on the tree! Mart wants a gold watch and chain, and Billy says marbles and a gun is good enough for him; but I reckon they'll all take what they can get. Joel said this mornin' he's afraid there'll be lots of achin' hearts. There is them little Cotties—who's a-goin' to give to them, and the Jacksons, and old Miss Nellie, and Widow Theat. I don't see how the Millers can do much for Tessie; and poor old Sister Biddle, says she to me last night as we was comin' out, says she, 'It'll be awful sweet to hear Brother Knisley readin' out, 'Mis' Sally Biddle;' seems 'most as if I couldn't stand it, it'll be so sweet. I ain't had a Christmas gif' since Biddle was courtin' me sixty years ago.' The poor old body was just chucklin' over it; but who's goin' to give her anything, I'd like to know?"

"Oh, my me!" sighed Granny, clasping her little wrinkled hands wistfully as she stood at the open door. "I ain't thought of the gif's. It was the lights, and the candles a-twinklin', an' the music, an' the children most bustin' with gladness and wishes. Land! when I was a little girl, how I used to wish we was Moravians; they was always havin' trees, or candle feasts, or children's feasts, or Easterin's, an' us Methodists didn't have no excitement 'cept revivals. Law me, what am I sayin'!" she broke off with a chuckle. "As if I didn't thank the Lord every night for makin' me a Methodist bred, a Methodist born, a Methodist till I die. It's the children I'm thinkin' about."

Mrs. Keel laughed and held up a fat reproving finger as she called from the gate:

"I guess you ain't growed up yourself, Granny, for all your eighty years. I've said to Joel often, says I, 'There ain't a child in this town that is younger at heart than Granny Simmers,' and says he, 'Ner a child that's sweeter ner prettier!'"

"My me!" whispered Granny as she closed the door, her soft wrinkled cheeks delicately flushed at the unexpected compliment. "John said I'd never git over bein' a girl, an' here I be blushin' like a fool 'cause old Joel Keel says I ain't bad-lookin'."

There was much bustling going on in the trim little "brick" that morning. Martha Morris, Granny's "help," had never known her mistress to be so concerned about the crispness of the pepper-cakes, the spiciness of the pig and horse ginger cookies, the brownness of the twisted doughnuts, or the flakiness of the mince pies that were resting by noon in savory richness on the pantry shelf. Then, when dinner was over and the dishes washed, Granny demanded that she herself be taken in hand.

"Law, Granny, you ain't goin' up town in such a snow as this!" protested Martha, as she lovingly tucked the thin white hair under the velvet cap and folded the kerchief about her neck.

"Indeed I am, Marthy," replied Granny with prompt decision. "The sun is shinin' grand, an' Billy Sharp went along with the snow shovel while you was washin' the dishes. Just wrap me up warm an' I'll get along first rate."

"Better let me go too," argued Martha, as she pinned Granny's "Bay State" firmly under her chin with the big glass brooch with its precious lock of gray hair safely inclosed, and tied her nubia over her cap. "You might slip and fall. I won't feel safe one minute till you are back home."

"Land, Marthy! every born soul knows me. Ain't I Granny to the hull town, for all I ain't got a chick ner a child? My me! it's sixty years since John an' me laid 'Rastus away; fifty since little Mary, her father's darlin', slipped off to heaven. Seems like my old heart goes

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out in love to everybody 'count of them three, John and my two babies, waitin' for me in one of the Father's mansions. Hope there's a chimbly corner—John always loved it so on a winter's night; an' I hope there's roses growin' by the doorstep, so it will seem like home to 'em all; an', Marthy, if I fall there ain't a soul but would be ready to pick me up, an' they ain't a man but's got a kind word an' a smile for me, bless 'em! I jest wonder sometimes how it comes everybody is so kind an' good. It's a lovely world, that's what it is."

"Now," said Granny to herself, as she teetered along on the icy walk toward the busy stores, "John said a gif' for every man, woman, an' child. Guess I can remember the hull lot, as there's only six men an' I've got the women writ down; an' for the children, well, I'll buy till my money gives out, an' I reckon I'll get enough. Kind of pitiful about Sister Biddle. My! what a dashin', lovely girl she was when I first see her at the Beals' apple-parin'! She was Sally Neely then, pretty as a picture, hair and eyes like jet, an' cheeks pink as roses, an' so tall an' slender. I recollect how she picked me up an' whirled me round; she was as light as a feather on her feet, an' said, 'Polly Whitehead, was there ever such a morsel of a girl as you are? If I was a man, I'd marry you 'fore night.' An' John said he said to himself she'd have had a hard time of it, for he made up his mind then an' there to have me himself. Yes, I'll get Sally Neely a red plush album an' put John's picture in it; she'd admire to get that."

Granny hesitated.

"Well, did you ever!" she gasped. "I ain't never thought of it before; who'll give anything to me, Polly Simmers? John would, dear John, but he's gone, an' I ain't got a blood akin in the town, an' they've all got such a lot to give to. Mebby I wouldn't mind much, but it—would—be kind of mortifyin' to be the only one forgot, for I'm bound they sha'n't be another soul left out. I wonder if I dare!"

Long shafts of light from the bare, uncurtained windows of the old church lay across the snow, as the cracked bell jangled through the crisp air its Christmas greeting. The jingle of sleigh-bells, the creaking of the runners, merry voices, bits of song, gay laughter, united in a Christmas carol redolent with Christmas spirit—Peace on earth, good will to men.

Granny, leaning on Martha's strong arm, fairly shivered with excitement and delight. She knew that not a soul called by the clamor of that bell had been forgotten. There had been no need of stinting, for Granny's acres were broad and fruitful and her wants few. Gift after gift had her withered hands tied into pretty parcels. The pen had creaked and sputtered across the paper as she marked them, for she had refused all help from curious but loving Martha, only asking that there be a good fire made in the air-tight stove in the spare chamber. There she worked alone, but happy, Martha well knew, as she stood with her ear pressed to the crack of the door, having found the keyhole stopped with cotton.

"While shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angels of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around,"

quavered the old voice. And Martha never knew it was not Granny Simmers who sang so joyfully within, but pretty Polly Whitehead in the choir of the old meeting-house, looking on the same hymn-book with handsome young John Simmers, the catch of the valley.

"Just fairly takes my breath away," wheezed Mrs. Keel, meeting Granny at the door of the church. "Don't seem like the same place. Now ain't it pretty?"

Granny caught her breath.

Could this be the little church she knew so well? Before that altar, she, a bride, had stood with John; there they had carried Baby 'Rastus and Mary for baptism; there the casket had rested that awful day when she had found herself alone.

A crude little sanctuary, always bare and cheerless to the beauty-loving eye, yet rich with tenderest memories to Granny; to-night, ablaze with lights, roped with greenery, gay with flags, joyful with the hum of merry voices, it seemed some new and unexplored fairyland. And there upon the rostrum in all its glory, tall,

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straight, and beautiful, twinkling with candles, festooned with strings of popcorn and cranberries, glittering with tinsel stars and silver crowns, adorned with bobinet stockings cubby and knubby with candy and nuts, hung with packages big and little, stood the tree, the tree!

"Let me set down till I get my breath, Marthy," cackled Granny, excitedly. "Jest get my specks out of my pocket, will you, child? My, my! if only John an' 'Rastus an' little Mary was here now!"

Sitting straight in the corner of her pew, her spectacles on the extreme end of her nose, her bonnet tipped rakishly to one side in her joy, her red-woolen-mittened hands crossed demurely in her lap, she, the happiest child of them all, listened to the exercises. Carolers and speech-makers found naught but sympathy in her sweet face.

When the last speaker had tiptoed to his seat and the infant class was growing unruly in the amen corner—the sight of the bobinet stockings and mysterious packages being too much for the patience of their baby souls—Brother Knisley carefully mounted the step-ladder and the distribution of the gifts began.

"Billy Keel, Tessie Miller—Dora Jackson, Mrs. Sallie Biddle," haltingly read the Brother. The sight of Sallie's wild delight over the red plush album almost moved Granny to tears. "Mrs. Polly Simmers, Marthy Morris—Mrs. Polly Simmers, Mrs. Joel Keel—Mrs. Polly Simmers," then again and again until the pew in which Granny sat was filled and overflowed into her lap. Wide-eyed, at first happy, then more and more distressed grew the small face under its rakish bonnet.

"Mrs. Polly Simmers, Miss Nelly Sanford—Mrs. Polly Simmers—" Oh, would they never cease? Martha, chuckling with joy, gathered them in one by one.

"There, Granny, guess it ain't hard to see who is the favorite in this town," she whispered vehemently. "Law's sakes, if here ain't another; that makes twenty-one! Wonder what it is? It feels for all the world like a milk-strainer, but I never heard of such a thing hung on a tree."

Granny's face flushed, puckered, and flamed into crimson.

"Don't talk so loud, Marthy. Ain't you got no manners! Oh, whatever, ever shall I do?"

"Do?" wheezed Mrs. Keel, leaning over the back of her pew. "Do? Why, take every one of 'em and enjoy 'em. Ain't one but what's filled with love, even if it is a milk-strainer, though I can't see why anybody come to think of that."

"Goodness knows, we needed it bad enough," returned Martha, shrilly, over Mrs. Keel's shoulder. "I've been jawsmithin' about it fer the last month, but she wus always forgittin' it."

"Looks to me as if that was a coal-hod," remarked Billy Keel, prodding a bulky bundle on Granny's lap with a fat forefinger.

"You hush up, Billy Keel," exclaimed Granny, resentfully. "I ain't makin' any remark about your gif's, be I?"

Billy, as much astonished as if one of his pet doves had pecked him, hung his head in shame.

"Mrs. Polly Simmers," announced the Brother, pompously, as he slowly clambered to the floor; "that is the last gif'."

"Ahem!" began Brother Sutton, his mild old eyes beaming with joy as he looked over his congregation. He drew his tall length to its uttermost, set the tips of his fingers together, and teetered slowly back and forth from toe to heel. "Ahem! It has been gratifying indeed to see so much generosity. But most of all it has pleased us to see that the receiver of the lion's share has been our aged sister, Mrs. Polly Simmers. It is delightful that her unselfish life, her high sense of honor, her sweet sympathy, has been appreciated."

Granny, her face deathly pale, every hint of the Christmas joy of the early evening gone from her eyes, now dulled with agony, arose trembling in her pew.

But Brother Sutton's eyes brightened as he saw her.

"Our aged sister wishes to speak to us, I see," he said, kindly, "and I know all the little folks will be very quiet."

"I jest want to say," gasped Granny, clutching nervously at the pew in front

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of her, "I jest want to say that I'm a wicked old sinner, that I'm a liar and a cheat and a disgrace to my church."

The audience, as if electrified, turned toward her in amazement; even the children dropped their gifts to stare at Granny, as she stood pale, wild-eyed, and self-accusing.

"My heart's 'most bustin' with your goodness," went on the quavering old voice, "and I've got to tell or I'll die 'fore mornin', an' I can't go to John an' 'Rastus an' little Mary with a lie on my soul, even if the good Lord would forgive me for their sakes an' let me in. That day I set out to buy a gif' fer every man, woman, an' child in the church the devil kept tellin' me they wouldn't be nothin' fer old Granny Simmers, an' the more I thought the more I got a hankerin' to hear my name read with the rest; an' the bad man he said to me, says he, 'Granny Simmers, why don't you buy some things for yourself an' put them on the tree; nobody'd be the wiser. Needn't buy anything extravagant,' says he, 'jest plain needcessities that Marthy's been urgin'. Since you are buyin' for everybody in the church, there's no harm—John said 'every man, woman, an' child.'

"I didn't have an idee that anybody would think of old me, so I says to the bad man at last, says I, 'Jest a few things, devil, jest a few—a milk-strainer that Marthy has been jawin' about, a coal-hod, a tack-hammer, an' a new calico I had been needin' for some time; then I got a couple of new pie tins an' a soapstone 'cause Marthy cracked the old one. An' I never once thought of it bein' a sin, an' I tied 'em up with ribbons an' tissue-paper, an' sung as I did it—I was just as happy as a child. But when I saw how you'd all remembered me, an' heard Brother Knisley readin' gif' after gif', an' I seed how I'd doubted your friendship an' knowed you never dreamed I was actin' a lie, I jest felt so pusly mean I couldn't stand that you should believe all them gif's come from love. I guess I ain't fit for anything but churchin'."

Shaking with sobs, the little woman dropped back in her seat to be received into Martha's loving arms.

"Brother Sutton"—it was Mrs. Keel's asthmatic wheeze that broke the silence—"Brother Sutton, I've got a few words to say, and as I look about at the streamin' eyes of this congregation I know you'll all agree with me. If there is a dear saint on earth, who has stood by us in our sorrows an' our joys, who's hovered over our death-beds and welcomed our babies, it's Granny Simmers. If there's a soul of honor, a childlike conscience, and one of the Lord's own, it is this blessed little woman. I don't know how the rest of you feel, but my heart's 'most broke for the poor little soul. Ain't no more sin in her gentle little heart than there is in a baby's."

"Amen!" came from every side.

But Brother Sutton, his face beaming with tenderness, had come swiftly down the aisle and was bending over Granny.

"Sister," he said, taking her little wrinkled hands in his, "believe me, God forgave you this before you asked it; and as for us, look about you, and what do you see in the faces of your friends? Come one and all and give her your tenderest greetings."

Kneeling by the bed that night in her little white gown and cap, as she pressed her face in the pillow where John's head had rested for so many years, Granny poured out a humble and a contrite heart. "An', Lord," she added, "please tell John an' the children that I give every one of them things to Mis' Cottie, an' I'm startin' out again with falterin' steps toward the heavenly home."

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THEODORE ROOSEVELT THE CITIZEN[1]

BY JACOB A. RIIS

Author of "The Making of an American," "How the Other Half Lives," etc.

Chapter III.—Early Lessons in Politics

IN the year when President Garfield died, New York saw the unusual sight of two young "silk-stockings," neither of whom had ever been in politics before, running for office in a popular election. One was the representative of vast inherited wealth, the other of the bluest of the old Knickerbocker blood: William Waldorf Astor and Theodore Roosevelt. One ran for Congress, pouring out money like water, contemptuously confident that so he could buy his way in. The newspapers reported his nightly progress from saloon to saloon, where "the boys" were thirstily waiting to whoop it up for him, and the size of "the wad" he left at each place, as with ill-suppressed disgust he fled to the next. The other, nominated for the State Legislature on an issue of clean streets and clean politics, though but a year out of college, made his canvass squarely upon that basis, and astounded old-time politicians by the fire he put into the staid residents of the brownstone district, who were little in the habit of bothering about elections. He, too, started upon a round of the saloons, under management. At the first call the management and that end of the canvass gave out together. Thereafter he went it alone. He was elected, and twice re-elected to his seat, with ever-increasing majorities. Astor was beaten, and, in anger, quit the country. To-day he lives abroad, a self-expatriated American. Theodore Roosevelt, who believes in the people, is President of the United States.

There was no need of my asking him how he came to go into politics, for how he could have helped it I cannot see; but I di'. He thought awhile.

"I suppose for one thing ordinary, plain, every-day duty sent me there to begin with. But, more than that, I wanted to belong to the governing class, not to the governed. When I said that I wanted to go to the Republican Association, they told me that I would meet the groom and the saloon-keeper there; that politics were low, and that no gentleman bothered with them. 'Then,' said I, 'if that is so, the groom and the saloon-keeper are the governing class and you confess weakness. You have all the chances, the education, the position, and you let them rule you. They must be better men;' and I went.

"I joined the association, attended the meetings, and did my part in whatever was going. We didn't always agree, and sometimes they voted me down and sometimes I had my way. They were a jolly enough lot and I had a good time. The grooms were there, some of them, and some of their employers, and we pulled together as men should if we are to make anything out of our country, and by and by we had an election."

There had been a fight about the dirty streets. The people wanted a free hand given to Mayor Grace, but the machine opposed. The Assemblyman from Roosevelt's district, the old Twenty-first, was in disgrace on that account. The Republican boss of the district, "Jake" Hess, was at odds with his lieutenants, "Joe" Murray and Major Bullard, and in making up the list of delegates to the Assembly Convention they outgeneraled him, naming fifteen of the twenty-five. Thus they had the nomination within their grasp, but they had no candidate. Roosevelt had taken an active part in opposing the machine man, and he and

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Murray had pulled together. There is something very characteristic of Theodore Roosevelt in this first political alliance as related by Murray: "When he found we were on the same side, he went to Ed Mitchell, who had been in the Legislature, and asked what kind of a man I was, and when he was told *he gave me his confidence.*" It is another of the simple secrets of his success in dealing with men: to make sure of them and then to trust them. Men rarely betray that kind of trust. Murray did not.

Presently he bethought himself of Theodore Roosevelt, who was fighting but didn't yet quite know how. As a candidate he might bring out the vote which ordinarily in that silk-stocking district came to the polls only in a Presidential year. He asked him to run, but Roosevelt refused. It might look as if he had come there for his personal advantage. Murray reasoned with him, but he was firm. He suggested several candidates, and one after another they were turned down. Roosevelt had another batch. Murray promised to look them over.

"And if I can't find one to suit, will you take it then?" he asked. Yes, he would do that, as a last resort.

"But I didn't look for no other candidate when I had his promise," says "Joe," placidly, telling of it. "Good reason: I couldn't find any better, nor as good."

"Joe" Murray is a politician, but that day he plotted well for his country.

Roosevelt was nominated and began the canvass at once. The boss himself took him around to the saloons that night, to meet "the people." They began at Valentine Young's place on Sixth Avenue. Mr. Hess treated and introduced the candidate. Mr. Young was happy. He hoped he was against high license; he, Young, hated it. Now, Roosevelt was attracted by high license and promptly said so and that he would favor it all he could. He gave his reasons. The argument became heated, the saloon-keeper personal. The boss looked on, stunned. He did not like that way of making votes.

Neither did Mr. Roosevelt. He sent "Jake" Hess home and quit the saloon canvass then and there. Instead he went among his neighbors and appealed to them. The "brownstone" vote came out. Joe Murray rubs his hands yet at the thought of it. Such a following he had not dreamed of in his wildest flights. Men worth millions solicited the votes of their coachmen and were glad to get them. Dean Van Amringe peddled tickets with the Columbia professors. Men became suddenly neighbors who had never spoken to one another before, and pulled together for the public good. Murray was charged with trading his candidate off for Astor for Congress; but the event vindicated him triumphantly. Roosevelt ran far ahead of the beaten candidate for Congress. He took his seat in the Legislature, the youngest member in it, just as he is now the youngest President.

He was not received with enthusiasm by the old wheel-horses, and the fact did credit to their discernment, if not to their public spirit. I doubt if they would have understood what was meant by this last. They were there on the good old plan—good so far always for the purpose it served—that was put in its plainest, most brutal form, years after, by the champion of spoilsmen forever: "I am in politics working for my own pocket all the time—same as you." The sneer told of their weak spot. The man who has lost faith in man has lost his grip. He may not know it, but he has. I fancy they felt it at the coming of this young man who had taught the Commandments in Sunday-school because he believed in them. They laughed a little uneasily and guessed he would be good, if he were kept a while.

Before half the season had passed he had justified their fears, if they had them. There was an elevated railroad ring that had been guilty of unblushing corruption involving the Attorney-General of the State and a Judge of the Supreme Court. The scandal was flagrant and foul. The people were aroused, petitioned respectfully but chafed angrily under the yawn with which their remonstrances were received in the Assembly. The legislators "referred" the petition and thought it dead. But they had forgotten Roosevelt.

He had been watching and wondering. To him an unsullied judiciary was the

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ground fabric of society. Here were charges of the most serious kind against a judge smothered unheard. He asked his elders on the Republican benches what was to be done about it. Nothing. Nothing? Then he would inquire publicly. They ran to him in alarm. Nothing but harm could come of it, to him and to the party. He must not; it was rank folly. The thing was loaded.

"It was," wrote an unnamed writer in the "Saturday Evening Post," whose story should be framed and hung in the Assembly Chamber as a chart for young legislators of good intentions but timid before sneers, "it was obviously the counsel of experienced wisdom. So far as the clearest judgment could see, it was not the moment for attack. Indeed, it looked as if attack would strengthen the hands of corruption by exposing the weakness of the opposition to it. Never did expediency put a temptation to conscience more insidiously.

"It was on April 6, 1882, that young Roosevelt took the floor in the Assembly and demanded that Judge Westbrook, of Newburg, be impeached. And for sheer moral courage that act is probably supreme in Roosevelt's life thus far. He must have expected failure. Even his youth and idealism and ignorance of public affairs could not blind him to the apparently inevitable consequences. Yet he drew his sword and rushed apparently to destruction—alone, and at the very outset of his career, and in disregard of the pleadings of his closest friends and the plain dictates of political wisdom.

"That speech—the deciding act in Roosevelt's career—is not remarkable for eloquence. But it is remarkable for fearless candor. He called thieves thieves regardless of their millions; he slashed savagely at the Judge and the Attorney-General; he told the plain, unvarnished truth as his indignant eyes saw it.

"When he finished, the veteran leader of the Republicans rose and with gently contemptuous raillery asked that the resolution to take up the charges be voted down. He said he wished to give young Mr. Roosevelt time to think about the wisdom of his course. 'I,' said he, 'have seen many reputations in the State broken down by loose charges made in the Legislature.' And presently the Assembly gave 'young Mr. Roosevelt time to think' by voting not to take up his 'loose charges.'

"Ridicule, laughter, a ripple—apparently it was all over, except the consequences to the bumptious and dangerous young man which might flow from the cross set against his name in the black books of the ring.

"It was a disheartening defeat—almost all of his own party voted against him; the most earnest of those who ventured to support him were Democrats; prehaps half of those who voted with him did so merely because their votes were not needed to beat him.

"That night the young man was once more urged to 'be sensible,' to 'have regard to his future usefulness,' to 'cease injuring the party.' He snapped his teeth together and defied the party leaders. And the next day he again rose and again lifted his puny voice and his puny hand against smiling, contemptuous corruption. Day after day he persevered on the floor of the Assembly, in interviews for the press; a few newspapers here and there joined him; Assemblymen all over the State began to hear from their constituents. Within a week his name was known from Buffalo to Montauk Point, and everywhere the people were applauding him. On the eighth day of his bold, smashing attack the resolution to take up the charges was again voted upon at his demand. And the Assemblymen, with the eyes of the whole people upon them, did not dare longer to keep themselves on record as defenders of a judge who feared to demand an investigation. The opposition collapsed. Roosevelt won by 104 to 6."

In the end the corruptionists escaped. The committee made a whitewashing report. But the testimony was damning and more than vindicated the attack. A victory had been won; open corruption had been driven to the wall. Roosevelt had met his party on a moral issue and had forced it over on the side of right. He had achieved backing. Out of that fight came the phrase "the wealthy criminal class" that ran through the country.

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In his essay on "true American ideals" he identifies it with "the conscienceless stock speculator who acquires wealth by swindling his fellows, by debauching judges and legislatures," and his kind. "There is not," he exclaims, "in the world a more ignoble character than the mere money-getting American, insensible to every duty, regardless of every principle, bent only on amassing a fortune, and putting his fortune only to the basest uses—whether these uses be to speculate in stocks and wreck railroads himself, or to allow his son to lead a life of foolish and expensive idleness and gross debauchery, or to purchase some scoundrel of high social position, foreign or native, for his daughter."

"Young Mr. Roosevelt" went into the next Legislature, re-elected with a big majority in a year that saw his party go down in defeat all along the line, as its leader on the floor of the house. At twenty-four he was proposed for Speaker. Then came his real test. Long after, he told me of it.

"I suppose," he said, "that my head was swelled. It would not be strange if it was. I stood out for my own opinion, alone. I took the best mugwump stand: my own conscience, my own judgment, were to decide in all things. I would listen to no argument, no advice. I took the isolated peak on every issue, and my people left me. When I looked around, before the session was well under way, I found myself alone. I was absolutely deserted. The people didn't understand. The men from Erie, from Suffolk, from anywhere, would not work with me. 'He won't listen to anybody,' they said, and I wouldn't. My isolated peak had become a valley; every bit of influence I had was gone. The things I wanted to do I was powerless to accomplish. What did I do? I looked the ground over and made up my mind that there were several other excellent people there, with honest opinions of the right, even though they differed from me. I turned in to help them, and they turned to and gave me a hand. And so we were able to get things done. We did not agree in all things, but we did in some, and those we pulled at together. That was my first lesson in real politics. It is just this: if you are cast on a desert island with only a screw-driver, a hatchet, and a chisel to make a boat with, why, go make the best one you can. It would be better if you had a saw, but you haven't. So with men. Here is my friend in Congress who is a good man, a strong man, but cannot be made to believe in some things which I trust. It is too bad that he doesn't look at it as I do, but he *does not*, and we have to work together as we can. There is a point, of course, where a man must take the isolated peak and break with it all for clear principle, but until it comes he must work, if he would be of use, with men as they are. As long as the good in them overbalances the evil, let him work with that for the best that can be got."

One can hardly turn a page of his writings even to this day without coming upon evidence that he has never forgotten the lesson of the isolated peak.

The real things of life were getting their grip on him more and more. The old *laissez faire* doctrine that would let bad enough alone because it was the easiest way still pervaded the teaching of his college days, as applied to social questions. The day of the settlement had not yet come; but his father had been a whole social settlement and a charity organization society combined in his own person, and the son was not content with the bookish view of affairs that so intimately concerned the welfare of the republic to which he led back all things. The bitter cry of the virtually enslaved tenement cigarmakers had reached Albany, and Roosevelt went to their rescue at once. He was not satisfied with hearsay evidence, but went through the tenements and saw for himself. The conditions he found made a profound impression upon him. They were afterward, when I wrote "How the Other Half Lives," an introduction to him and a bond of sympathy between us. He told the Legislature what he had seen, and a bill was passed to stop the evil, but it was declared unconstitutional in the courts. The time was not yet ripe for many things in which he was afterward to bear a hand. A dozen years later he helped destroy as Health Commissioner some of the very tenements in

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which at that earlier day industrial slavery in its worst form was intrenched too strongly to be dislodged by law. The world "do move," with honest hands to help it.

It was so with the investigation of the city Departments he headed. There was enough to investigate, but we had not yet grown a conscience robust enough to make the facts tell. Parkhurst had first to prepare the ground. The committee sat for a couple of weeks, perhaps three, at the old Metropolitan Hotel, and it was there I first met Theodore Roosevelt, when the police officials were on the stand. I remember distinctly but one incident of that inquiry. It was when lawyer George Bliss, who could be very cutting when it suited his purpose, made an impertinent remark, as counsel for the Police Commissioners. I can see "young" Mr. Roosevelt yet, leaning across the table with the look upon his face that always compelled attention, and saying with pointed politeness: "Of course you do not mean that, Mr. Bliss; for if you did we should have to have you put out in the street." Mr. Bliss did not mean it.

It was at that session, too, I think, that he struck his first blow for the civil service reform which his father contended for when it had few friends; for which cause the Republican machine rejected his nomination for Collector of the Port of New York. I know how it delighted the son's heart to carry on his father's work then and when afterward as Governor he clinched it in the best civil service law the State has ever had. But, more than that, he saw that this was one of the positions to be rushed if the enemy were to be beaten out. Another was the power of confirmation the Aldermen held over the Mayor's appointments in New York. Thus even the best administration would be helpless with a majority of Tammany members on the Board of Aldermen. Such a thing as the election of a reform Board of Aldermen was then unthinkable. He wrested that power from them and gave it to the Mayor, and in doing it, all unconsciously paved the way for himself to the office in which, under Mayor Strong, he leaped into National importance. There are many striking coincidences of the kind in Theodore Roosevelt's career. I have noticed that they are to be found in the life of every man who goes straight ahead and does what he knows is right, taking the best counsel he can and learning from life as it shapes itself under his touch. All the time he is laying out grappling-hooks, without knowing it, for the opportunity that comes only to the one who can profit by it, and, when it passes, he lays hold of it quite naturally. It is only another way of putting Roosevelt's philosophy that things happen to those who are in the way of it. It is the idlers who prate of chance and luck. Luck is lassoed by the masterful man, by the man who knows and who can. And it is well that it is so, or we should be in a pretty mess.

I have spoken at considerable length about Theodore Roosevelt's early legislative experience because I am concerned about showing how he grew to what he is. Men do not jump up in a night like mushrooms, some good credulous people to the contrary notwithstanding, or shoot up like rockets. If they do, they are apt to come down like sticks. At least Mr. Roosevelt stays up a long time, they will have to admit. I have heard of him being "discovered" by politicians as Civil Service Commissioner, as Police Commissioner, as fitter-out of the navy for the Spanish fight, as Rough Rider—almost as often as he has been ruined by his vagaries which no one could survive; and I have about made up my mind that politicians are the most credulous of beings, instead of the reverse. The fact is that he is a perfectly logical product of a certain course of conduct deliberately entered upon and faithfully adhered to all through life, as all of us are who have any character worth mentioning. For that is what character means, that a man will do so and so as occasions arise demanding action. Now here is a case in point. When President Roosevelt speaks nowadays about the necessity of dropping all race and creed distinctions, if we want to be good Americans, some one on the outskirts of the crowd winks his left eye and says "politics." When he promoted a Jew in the Police Department or in his regiment, it was politics, politics. Well, this incident I am going to tell you about

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he had himself forgotten. When I asked him about it, he recalled it slowly and with difficulty, for it happened in the days before he had yet entered the Legislature. I had it from a friend of his, the head of one of our great institutions of learning, who was present at the time.

It was at the Federal Club, a young Republican club started to back up the older organization and since merged with it. A young Jew had been proposed for membership. He was of good family, personally unobjectionable, had no enemies in the club. Yet it was proposed deliberately to blackball him. There was no pretense about it; it was a perfectly bald issue of Gentile against Jew in a club where it was easy to keep him out, at least so they thought. Till Roosevelt heard of it at the meeting. Then and there he got up and said what he thought of it. It was not complimentary to the conspirators. They were there as Republicans, as American citizens, he said, to work together for better things on the basis of being decent. The proposition to exclude a man because he was a Jew was not decent. For him, the minute race and creed were brought into the club, he would quit, and at once.

"He flayed them as I never heard a body of men flayed in my life," said my informant. "Roosevelt was pale with anger. The club sat perfectly still under the lashing. When he sat down amid profound silence, the vote was taken. There were no black-balls. The Jew never knew how narrowly he missed getting in." He had a chance to vote for him three times for the Legislature in settlement of the account he did not know he owed, and I hope he did.

When Mr. Roosevelt's third term was out, he had earned a seat in the National council of his party. He went to Chicago in 1884 as a delegate to the convention which nominated Blaine. He was strongly in opposition, and fought hard to prevent his choice. The outcome was a sore thrust to him. Some of his associates never forgave him that he did not bolt with them and stay out. Roosevelt came back from the far West where he had gone to wear off his disappointment, and went into the fight with his party. His training was bearing fruit. "At times," I read in one of his essays, "a man must cut loose from his associates and stand for a great cause; but the necessity for such action is almost as rare as the necessity for a revolution." He did not join in the revolution; the time had not come, in his judgment, to take the isolated peak.

There came to me just now a letter from one of his classmates in college who has heard that I am writing about Mr. Roosevelt. He was one of those who revolted, but I shall set his testimony down here as quite as good an explanation of Theodore Roosevelt's course as Mr. Roosevelt could furnish himself.

"He was," he writes, speaking of his college friend, "next to my own father, the purest-minded man I ever knew. . . . He was free from any tinge of self-seeking. Indeed, he was free, as I knew him, from self-consciousness. What he said and did was simply the unstudied expression of his true self. . . . Although I very rarely see him, I have naturally followed his career with close interest. I am convinced that the few of his acts that I find it hard to condone (*e. g.*, his advocacy of Mr. Blaine's election to the Presidency, and his own acceptance of nomination for the Vice-Presidency) are explained by the fact that he has from the start been a party man, not merely a believer in party government and a faithful party member, but a devout believer, apparently, in the dogma that the success of his party is essential to the welfare of the country."

At that convention George William Curtis was also a delegate from New York. In a newspaper I picked up the other day were some reminiscences of the great fight by a newspaper man who was there. He told of meeting the famous Easy Chair at luncheon when the strife was fiercest. He expressed some surprise at the youth of Mr. Roosevelt, of whom the West then knew little. What followed sounds so like prophecy that I quote it here. The reporter wrote it down from memory that night, so he says, and by accident came across his notes, hence the item:

Mr. Curtis moved his chair back from the table, threw his napkin beside his plate, and

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was silent for a few seconds. Then he said, in his quiet, modulated tones:

"You'll know more, sir, later; a deal more, or I am much in error. Young? Why, he is just out of school almost, yet he is a force to be reckoned with in New York. Later the Nation will be criticising or praising him. While respectful to the gray hairs and experience of his elders, none of them can move him one iota from convictions as to men and measures once formed and rooted. He has integrity, courage, fair scholarship, a love for public life, a comfortable amount of money, honorable descent, the good word of the honest. He will not truckle nor cringe, he seems to court opposition to the point of being somewhat pugnacious. His political life will probably be a turbulent one, but he will be a figure, not a figurehead, in future development—or, if not, it will be because he gives up politics altogether."

Such a verdict from such a man upon three years of the strife and sweat of very practical politics I should have thought worth all it cost, and I know so does Mr. Roosevelt.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

Was the Recognition of Panama a Breach of International Morality?

By George Winfield Scott, Ph.D.

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HAS the action of the United States in the Panama-Colombian matter any legal justification in the precedents governing international intercourse? Or is it simply a "brutal aggression," to be classed in the category with the dismemberment of Poland? Does international practice admit that a powerful nation or a body of powerful nations can, in "the interests of civilization and the general welfare," ignore the usual rights and obligations of international law and execute what would otherwise be an act of "brutal aggression"?

These three questions have been uppermost in the minds of conscientious Americans for some days. The man with a conscience finds it hard to make sordid success justify a cowardly and immoral act. Every American citizen feels himself to be a part of his Government and a party to the acts of his Government. The hope of the Nation depends on the continuance of the feeling. No citizen better appreciates this fact than President Roosevelt.

The answer to our questions must be sought (1) in our treaties with Colombia, and (2) in the acknowledged principles governing international intercourse.

Article XXXV. of the treaty of 1846 between the United States and New Granada (Colombia) made mutual guarantees in respect to that "part of the Granadian [Colombian] territory generally denominated Isthmus of Panama." New Granada (Colombia) guaranteed four distinct privileges to the citizens of the United States in the same manner as "enjoyed by Granadian [Colombian] citizens." These privileges relate (1) to the freedom of the ports; (2) "the right of way or transit across the Isthmus of Panama upon any modes of communication that now exist, or that may hereafter be constructed;" (3) exemption of American merchandise "passing from one sea to the other, in either direction, for the purpose of exportation," from all tolls, import duties, etc.; (4) exemption of American citizens crossing the Isthmus from tolls, charges, etc., to which "native citizens are not subjected."

Following this recital the United States guaranteed to Colombia as follows: "And, in order to secure to themselves the tranquil and constant enjoyment of these advantages, and as an especial compensation for the said advantages, and for the favors they have acquired by . . . [other articles] of this treaty, the United States guarantee, positively and efficaciously, to New Granada [Colombia], by the present stipulation, the perfect neutrality of the before-mentioned isthmus, with the view that the free transit from the one to the other

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sea may not be interrupted or embarrassed in any future time while this treaty exists; and, in consequence, the United States also guarantee, in the same manner, the rights of sovereignty and property which New Granada [Colombia] has and possesses over the said territory."

What is the natural meaning of the phrase "And, in order to secure to themselves the tranquil and constant enjoyment of these advantages, and as an especial compensation for the said advantages," etc.? Obviously, that the United States undertook as a burden the guaranty of "the rights of sovereignty and property which New Granada [Colombia] has and possesses over the said territory." Is it reasonable that this clause of the treaty of 1846, which was stipulated as a benefit to Colombia, should, in the present secession of Panama, be construed to give the United States the right to use its power to deprive Colombia of its sovereignty over the Isthmus? The time-honored policy of the United States has been to support the authority of Colombia over the Isthmus against the invasion of both foreign and domestic disturbers of Colombia's authority, or, at least, not to prevent her from asserting her authority against her enemies.

Did the rejection by the Colombian Senate of the Hay-Herran treaty give the United States the right to alter its time-honored interpretation of its duties under the treaty of 1846? Certainly not. The United States Senate has refused to consider many treaties negotiated by its Ministers, and properly so. Neither the spirit nor the letter of the treaty of 1846 obligated Colombia to consider or adopt any further treaty with the United States in respect to Isthmian transit. Granted that the rejection of the Hay-Herran treaty was annoying, that it was opposed to justice and the interests of civilization, still the United States had no right, under the treaty of 1846, to swerve from its time-honored policy of maintaining the sovereignty of Colombia over rebellious subjects. Is it not, therefore, sophistical to use this clause as justification for our recent action?

Turning to the principles of international law applicable to the case, we find that there are two kinds of "recognition" which may be accorded to persons in rebellion who have seceded and declared their independence: recognition of the belligerency, and recognition of the new State or nation. By recognition of belligerency the rebel community secures only that portion of the rights and obligations of nations which has to do with the law of war. The rebel community then becomes legally entitled, so far as foreign powers are concerned, to pursue the hostilities upon which it has embarked in order to secure its legal independence. The invariable practice of foreign States is to observe strict neutrality, and await the accomplishment of independence as an actual fact before recognizing the secessionists as a new nation.

In the present case the United States did not stop to recognize the belligerency of the Panama rebels. It went the whole way. And on November 6, three days after the formal declaration of independence by the Panama rebels, the Secretary of State telegraphed the United States Minister at Bogota that "the people of Panama" had "dissolved their political connection with the Republic of Colombia and resumed their independence," and had "adopted a government of their own . . . with which the Government of the United States *has* entered into relations."

July 4, 1776, the thirteen English Colonies in America seceded from Great Britain and formally declared their independence. Not until December 17, 1777—nearly a year and a half later—did France notify the American envoys in Paris that the independence of the Colonies was recognized. In spite of the known friendship of France for the American rebels, recognition did not take place till after the news of the great victory at Saratoga. Even then Great Britain considered the recognition premature, and at once declared war against France.

December 20, 1860, South Carolina seceded from the United States, and was followed immediately by six other States. February 8, 1861, a formal

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federal government was set up and its officers elected according to the prescribed law. Union property was seized and Union authority was expelled from nearly every part of the rebel community. Barring a few acts of local violence, the secession of these States was "apparently peacefully accomplished." Almost four years elapsed after their withdrawal before the Union authority was asserted over the secession district.

Those who seek to justify the speedy recognition of Panama exclaim that the United States had to recognize some government at the Isthmus, that international law demanded it, that the only government at the Isthmus was the *de facto* government of the rebels, and that Secretary Hay has said that recognition of the *de facto* government was the only possible action. If this is all true, why did the United States regard Great Britain's mere "recognition of the belligerency" of the Confederacy as an act of "unseemly haste," "precipitate" and "unfriendly"? Surely good international law is no respecter of persons. Is it not sophistical to seek justification in the principles of international law governing "recognition"?

Thus far it would seem that the critics of the Administration are correct in affirming that the action of the United States is without justification either in the treaty of 1846 or in the acknowledged principles of international law. But they have, without exception, overlooked one important principle of international intercourse applicable to the situation. It is for this reason alone that the present article is written.

The speedy recognition of Panama by the United States was what is called in international law an act of intervention. *Prima facie*, intervention is a hostile act, because it constitutes an attack upon the independence of the nation subjected to it. "Regarded from the point of view of the State intruded upon," says Hall, a foremost modern authority on international law, intervention "must always remain an act which, if not consented to, is an act of war. But from the point of view of the intervening power it is not a means of obtaining redress for a wrong done, but a measure of prevention or of police, undertaken sometimes for the express purpose of avoiding war."

Intervention is justified on two distinct grounds—the one legal, the other political. The legal justification for intervention can be summarized under two heads: (1) to preserve the national existence, (2) to put a stop to a gross breach of international law in a case where the national existence of the intervening State is not threatened. Justification on either of these grounds has never been asserted by the most ardent supporters of the Administration.

If, therefore, the intervention of the United States in the Panama rebellion has any justification in international intercourse, it is founded in what has been called "political intervention" by such publicists as Hall, Geffcken, Jacquemyns, and others.

What are the distinguishing marks of political intervention? First, it is the action of the body of civilized nations or some one or more of them acting for the whole with sufficient "warrant." Second, the interests to be guarded by means of the intervention must be strictly international. Third, the maintenance of the state of things established by the intervention must be a reasonable way of attaining the required object.

Political intervention, in its essence, is a waiver by the whole body of nations of the usual principles of international law governing a particular situation. It is special legislation in the interests of the body of civilized States. "In one or two instances," says Hall, "as, for example, in that of the formation of Belgium, and in the recent case of the arrangements made by the Congress of Berlin, and of the minor interventions springing out of it, settlements have been arrived at, or collisions have been postponed, when without common action an era of disturbance might have been indefinitely prolonged, and its effects indefinitely extended." The same publicist goes on to say: "There is fair reason, consequently, for hoping that intervention by, or under the sanction of, the body of States on grounds forbidden to single States, may be useful and even beneficent."

The justification of political interven-

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tion must rest solely upon the benefits which it secures to the body of civilized States. Certainly there must always be a likelihood that nations with divergent interests, acting in common, will prefer the general good to the selfish objects of a particular nation. Moreover, it is not improbable that this good may be better secured by their joint action than by free scope being given to natural forces.

Apply the principles of political intervention to the recent action of the United States in the Panama-Colombian affair. The only doubt as to their applicability rests in the question: What constitutes a sufficient "warrant" to an individual nation undertaking to act for the body of nations?

Must the authority be formally granted by a convention? Must the grant precede the act of intervention?

Obviously, this depends upon the will of the civilized nations as expressed in any particular case. In the present instance the intervention of the United States has met only with the most positive approval on the part of all the civilized States, except, of course, Colombia. For that matter, Netherlands did not approve the separation of Belgium in 1831. Had it not been for the policy of the United States to refrain from inviting European States to participate in affairs affecting the Americas, it is not at all improbable that a more formal "warrant" would have been given precedent to the intervention. Certain it is that the body of States have acquiesced in the action taken by the United States, and have signified their approval in the only formal way that could, under all the circumstances, be expected or desired by the United States. That the Administration was fully aware in a general way, before it acted, of the attitude which the body of nations would assume toward the United States in case of its recognition of Panama, is beyond doubt. The probability of the Panama rebellion was perfectly apparent for weeks before it occurred.

As to the suspicion of conspiracy between the Administration and the Panama Junta, my feeling cannot be better expressed than in the language which Mr. John Bassett Moore has used to express himself: "It may be superfluous to add that I do not doubt that the present Administration is entirely free from any connection with the present revolutionary movement on the Isthmus of Panama, just as preceding administrations have been free from any connection with revolutionary movements there in the past."

So far, therefore, as the international morality of the Panama-Colombian affair is concerned, it would seem that the policy of the Administration should be heartily supported, regardless of party lines. Colombia's obstruction to an Isthmian canal had become intolerable to the body of civilized States, and especially to the progressive spirit of the American people. By a technicality of the law she was able to transform what might otherwise be the commercial pathway of civilization into a region of internecine strife. An opportunity was offered through the intervention of the United States to put an end, peaceably, for all time to the whole difficulty. The chief criticism of the course taken should not be a criticism of the action, but rather of the reasons advanced for the action. Had the Administration stated squarely that it intervened in the interests of civilization to put an end to an intolerable condition, no one could reasonably have questioned the proceedings. It would, too, have been more in keeping with the historic straightforwardness of American diplomacy.

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The Life and Teachings of Herbert Spencer

By Mary Whiton Calkins

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ESTIMATES of Herbert Spencer's teachings differ widely, but there is room for only appreciative judgment of his life. The facts of the life are readily told. Spencer's father was a Derbyshire schoolmaster, described by George Eliot as a "large-brained, highly informed man, with a certain quaintness and simplicity." Herbert Spencer was born in 1820, and privately educated. At seventeen he became a civil engineer, but dropped this profession nine years later and was made sub-editor of "The Economist." He declined all degrees which were offered him, ignored those which were thrust upon him, and, indeed, consistently opposed the ordinary ideals and methods of the classical education in the great public schools and in the universities of England. We gain glimpses of his unaffected and kindly private life, his cordial relations with his friends, and his "delightful camaraderie" in the letters of George Eliot and of Thomas Huxley. "Mr. Spencer," Huxley writes, "is a very admirable writer, and I set great store by his books. But we are very old friends, and he has endured me as a sort of devil's advocate for thirty-odd years. He thinks that if I can pick no holes in what he says it is safe. But I pick many holes, and we agree to differ."

Spencer's first book, "Social Statics," was published in 1851, and the first edition of the "Principles of Psychology" appeared four years later. From 1852 onward he brought out, in different reviews, his essays on the development hypothesis. Since 1860 he had been closely occupied, so far as his health permitted, with the different parts of his "Synthetic Philosophy." The foundation work, "First Principles," was issued in installments from 1860 to 1862; the "Principles of Biology" appeared also in installments from 1863 to 1867; the enlarged and modified form of the "Principles of Psychology" followed from 1868 to 1872. The "Data of Ethics," published in 1879, forms the introductory division of the "Principles of Ethics," concluded in 1893. The different parts of the "Principles of Sociology" appeared at irregular intervals from 1874 to 1896. The volumes of Spencer's collected essays include other papers of undoubted value—the essays on "Education," for example, and the treatise on the "Philosophy of Style."

It is certainly impossible to overestimate the influence of a life, however uneventful, which has disregarded commercial opportunities and academic distinctions and has steadily held in view a purely intellectual purpose—no less an aim than the inclusion of all orders of fact within the wide embrace of a synthetic philosophy. The records of philosophy name three others only, Aristotle, Hobbes, and Hegel, who have risked this toilsome adventure. But though no one can doubt the dignity of Spencer's aim, the degree of his attainment is not so readily estimated. The admiring critics assure us that Spencer is "an original and profound philosopher;" the adverse commentators insist as strongly that his contributions to philosophy and to science are either unimportant or positively misleading—"astounding feats of philosophic jugglery," or "intellectual somersaults." The truth, as later and more impersonal critics will see it, probably lies midway between these judgments.

The present attempt to estimate Spencer's work leaves out of account his distinctly biological doctrines. These antedate Darwin's teachings, though they have not exerted great influence on general biological thought. The meta-

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physical, ethical, and [illegible] cal works of Spencer have, in the [illegible] ion of the present writer, definite and permanent values, but—almost without exception—these are not the distinguishing values which Spencer and his disciples assign to them.

More or less explicitly, Spencer claims that he has outlined an original, consistent, and universal metaphysical system, the synthetic philosophy. According to this doctrine, every phenomenon is the manifestation of one underlying, unknowable reality, known as Ultimate Cause or as Persistent Force; and this "persistent force," though "unchanged in quantity through all past time and all future time," is "ever changing its manifestations," according to the law of evolution, "from a less coherent to a more coherent form." The positive existence of this Unseen Reality behind phenomena—namely, feelings and things—is, according to Spencer, a "necessary datum of consciousness," which "forms the basis of our intelligence. In knowing every-day feelings and things as conditioned and limited, we necessarily conceive an Unconditioned, Infinite Reality of which they are phenomena—that is to say, appearances." The various divisions of Spencer's system are thus intended to show in detail that psychical, biological, moral, and sociological phenomena are manifestations of an ultimate reality according to the law of evolution.

It is, however, clear to every student of the history of philosophy that Spencer's system has not, in the first place, the originality which is claimed for it. The doctrine of one infinite reality underlying all phenomena is common to all forms of monistic philosophy, whether cosmological or theological. The teaching that this Infinite Reality is unknowable is as old as the Upanishads, and had been definitely formulated, in the later eighteenth century, by Immanuel Kant. The principle of evolution is a more distinguishing feature of the system. Not only in its biological application, but "in its application to human character and intelligence, and by implication to society," it truly is, as Spencer asserts, "of earlier date than the 'Origin of Species' (1859)." But German writers precede Spencer in the formulation of an evolution doctrine, especially as it concerns human conduct and ideals. The principle of development had been applied, a hundred years earlier, by Herder, both to history and to literature, and had become, in the hands of Hegel, a philosophical principle of widest universality. Spencer, who is not well read in philosophy, has no first-hand acquaintance with Hegel, but the development principle was common coin of the realm of intellect even in 1851, when Spencer wrote "Social Statics." He cannot, therefore, claim to have introduced an evolution theory of metaphysics.

It may be shown as readily that Spencer's philosophy is not self-consistent. Its inconsistency is most evident at two points. He teaches, as has been shown, that the Absolute Reality behind phenomena transcends our knowledge, that it is inscrutable, incomprehensible, unknowable. He asserts emphatically that the persistent force is "not the force which we are immediately conscious of," but an Absolute Force which is merely the "necessary correlate of the force which we know." "It is alike our highest wisdom and our highest duty," he reiterates, "to regard that through which all things exist as the Unknowable." But it becomes evident to every thoughtful reader of Spencer that he does not hold to this conception of the unknowability of the Absolute Reality. On the contrary, he describes it in terms which imply a definite though an inadequate knowledge of it, naming it power, force, and ultimate cause. He tries to escape the force of this difficulty by teaching that, though we have no knowledge, we have yet an "indefinite consciousness" of the unknowable power, realizing "that it is," though we have no power "to learn what it is." But the distinction between indefinite consciousness and knowledge is a mere play upon words; and to know a reality, as Absolute Existence and as Ultimate Cause, is to know in some degree what it is. Certainly, therefore, Spencer is inconsistent when he decries theistic systems for their teaching that the Infinite is, in some sense, like the finite, while he himself

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applies to this Absolute such epithets as power and cause, which are used also of human selves, and while he implies a communion between finite and Infinite by his teaching that we are conscious, however vaguely, of the Inscrutable Power.

A second inconsistency is more fundamental to the system as a whole. In his deduction of the evolution formula, Spencer uses the term "persistent force" in two distinct and irreconcilable senses. On the one hand, he means, as has been indicated, unconditioned and all-including reality; and he regards the existence of such a reality as a necessary inference from the observed multiplicity and relatedness of experience. The earlier chapters of the "First Principles" are occupied with the discussion of Unconditioned Reality in this abstract, metaphysical sense. But the larger portion of the "First Principles" treats of the cycles of astronomic, geologic, and organic evolution, and of the development of "every existence" from the "widely diffused, incoherent state" of the nebulous mass. In this connection, Spencer treats the "persistent force" as something which is itself changed or developed—in other words, he makes the scientific assumption of the quantitative constancy of "physical" force. But "force," in this empirical sense, is not synonymous with the unconditioned, absolute reality; and Spencer is utterly unjustified in identifying, without further argument, that persistent force which is hypothesized by natural science, with that ultimate reality which he has called a "necessary datum of consciousness."

A final comment remains. Spencer does not carry out, in matters of detail, his purpose to treat every branch of science on a strictly evolution principle. It is true that the evolution *motif* recurs in every one of the books; it is true that Spencer brilliantly illustrates the evolution hypothesis in its application to every class of phenomena. But it is not true that his psychology, his ethics, and his sociology consist entirely of an exposition of the progressive adaptation of consciousness and conduct to environment, and of the development of higher from lower forms. Spencer himself makes this admission in regard to certain portions of his teaching. "The Doctrine of Evolution," he writes in 1893, of Parts V. and VI. of the completed "Principles of Ethics," "has not furnished guidance to the extent I had hoped. Most of the conclusions, drawn empirically, are such as right feelings, enlightened by cultivated intelligence, have already sufficed to establish."

To these general objections the candid critic must add certain difficulties of detail. Spencer's terminology is often needlessly and barbarously technical; his style is wearisome, because it is so hopelessly diffuse, and—worse than all—his great array of facts is often an incomplete and one-sided enumeration; for example, in arguing against State interference, he triumphantly cites the failures of "paternal" legislation, but neglects to chronicle its successes.

A brief review of certain portions of the "Principles of Ethics" will bring into clearer relief both the merits and the failures of Spencer's teaching. His analysis of the fundamental conceptions of ethics is both inadequate and uncoordinated. The "good," for example, is defined both in hedonistic terms as "what brings a surplus of agreeable feeling," and in evolution terms as "conduct, in the last stages of evolution—well adapted to its end;" and throughout his discussions of the nature and the fundamental relations of the moral consciousness Spencer shows, by his fluctuating and varying doctrine, the incapacity for final psychological analysis and for the rigidly logical treatment of metaphysical problems which contrasts strangely with his logical handling of less fundamental conceptions, both scientific and practical. This antithesis may be illustrated in more detail from the well-known discussion of Justice which forms Part IV. of the "Principles of Ethics."

The idea of justice is described as the ethical aspect of the biological law of survival of the fittest. It is formulated in the words, "Each individual ought to be subject to the effects of its own nature and resulting conduct." This definition at once suggests an underlying question: What is meant by

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the conception of "ought," that is, of obligation? This question, however, Spencer never answers—in fact, never asks. He outlines skillfully and in detail the rise and growth of particular standards of obligation, telling us, for example, how it comes about that the civilized European thinks it wrong to murder, whereas the Fijian regarded murder as honorable; but he confuses this account of the growth and change of moral ideals with the analysis of that "feeling of right" which characterizes all of them. In other words, he traces the development of men's ideas of what is right or just to do, but he fails to consider the nature of the feeling of right or of justice irrespective of its special application.

The maxim of justice, which has just been quoted, corresponds—Spencer shows—with the principle of evolution, for only the individual who is "subject to the effects of its own conduct" will be stimulated to the greatest efforts toward self-preservation, race preservation, and social self-restraint, the three goals of developing conduct. Such a conception of justice accords, Spencer holds, with historic standards, for these always recognize, in some degree, the rights of the individual. The idea of justice, he teaches, has undergone development and has been "progressively adjusted to the modes of life imposed by the social state." Two stages are especially significant in this evolution: the modification of ideas of primitive, or egoistic, justice, and the later development of the "altruistic sentiment of justice." Primitive justice, "beginning with the joy felt in ability to use the bodily powers and gain the resulting benefits, accompanied by irritation at direct interferences, . . . gradually responds to wider relations. . . . Eventually this sentiment, sometimes so little developed in the negro that he jeers at a liberated companion because he has no master to take care of him, becomes so much developed in the Englishman that the slightest infraction of some mode of formal procedure, . . . which cannot intrinsically concern him, is vehemently opposed because in some distant and indirect way it may help to give possible help to some unknown authorities who may perhaps impose unforeseen burdens or restrictions."

From primitive justice, this consciousness of one's own rights, altruistic justice, the regard for the rights of others, develops slowly. The liberty of others is respected at first simply from the fear that they will retaliate against aggression, and later only from the dread of punishment. The genuinely moral consciousness of another man's liberty as his distinct right, and not merely as one's own indirect advantage, is of very slow growth.

It has appeared that Spencer's doctrine of justice is distinguished by its individualism. It virtually conceives of society as a mere aggregate of independent individuals, and it is thus oddly at variance with Spencer's own teaching, in the "Principles of Sociology," that society is an organism. Truth to tell, this "organic" conception becomes, in Spencer's hands, little more than a minute and often far-fetched analogy of the social with the biological organism—a comparison of the ruling and the military classes with the nervous system, of the mercantile or distributing classes with the veins, of the laboring classes with the digestive organs. The truly "organic" conception of society Spencer never attains, because he persists in regarding the social self as the antithesis and not as the fulfillment of the individual self. For example, Spencer's limitation of the functions of government to the administration of justice, culminating in his vigorous protests against such "paternalism" as sanitary legislation or as school taxation, is based on a narrow conception of individual right. He disregards the fact that the individual self can never be cut off from the other selves with whom it stands in relation. To argue against school taxation on the ground that taxation for other people's schooling limits the individual right to property indicates forgetfulness of the fact that a man is, by nature, citizen as well as property-owner, and that society is—as Spencer himself teaches—a natural, not an artificial, association.

These objections to the negative features of Spencer's theory of state-morals

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in no wise detract from the positive worth of his bracing individualism and of his striking yet discriminating applications of the "law of equal freedom." He holds that the right to physical integrity, free motion, the uses of natural media, property, free exchange and free contract, free industry, free belief and free speech, are all derived from this fundamental "law of equal freedom." He teaches, on the other hand, that an individual has no natural right to the suffrage, which is merely "a good guarantee for the maintenance of life, liberty, and property," a method of maintaining one's rights, but not itself a right.

On this sturdy doctrine of justice as law of equal freedom, Spencer bases also his teaching about war. War is inconsistent, he holds, with the "requirements of absolute ethics." It has, however, a "quasi-ethical warrant," if it is a "trespass on liberty in order to preserve liberty." But only a defensive war conforms to this ideal. Against what he calls the "prevalent ethics of enmity" Spencer constantly protests. "A people," he says, "which gives to its soldiers the euphemistic title 'defenders of their country,' and then exclusively uses them as invaders of other countries, a people . . . that within its bounds forbids prize fights, but beyond its bounds frequently takes scores of lives to avenge one life—a people which at home cannot tolerate the thought that inferiority shall bear the self-inflicted evils of inferiority, but abroad has no compunction in using bullet and bayonet for conquest of the uncivilized, arguing that the inferior should be replaced by the superior—such a people must think crookedly about the ultimate principles of right and wrong."

This paper has failed utterly of its purpose if it has not suggested both the strength and the weakness of Spencer's philosophy. His underlying principles lack originality, yet he undeniably introduces evolutionary conceptions into English ethics. His metaphysical teaching is riddled with inconsistencies, but his history of the growth of moral ideals and his rigorous application of moral principles to social problems are of permanent value. He often ignores the facts which tell against his theories, but his concrete illustrations illuminate every subject on which he writes.

How the Mysterious Ten Came to Celebrate Christmas

By Isabel Dagnan Allen

IT was Saturday afternoon, as anybody familiar with Southern customs would have known after a glance down the principal street of Eufaula.

In the shade of the trees were lazily gliding an irregular procession of dark figures bearing upon their heads huge heaps of billowy whiteness. "De wash" is taken to their cabins early Monday morning, but the negro washerwoman can never be persuaded to return it before Saturday afternoon—just in time to get her money for the accustomed visit to "de stor'" on Saturday night.

That this was more than an ordinary Saturday the colored population seemed totally unconscious. Among them there was no sign of preparation for to-morrow's great event, for in the negro home there is no Christmas celebration.

To be sure, their services are infinitely more willing, their smile wonderfully persuasive, just at this season, but the spirit of giving never manifests itself even in parents for their children. Santa Claus never came down the chimney of a log cabin except in the garb of a white benefactor. Ordinarily, the little darky's Christmas plan is to lie in wait early that morning to greet the white folks with his "Christmas gif', boss," while his mammy visits at the back doors of her friends among "de quality" or waylays them on their way to church with the same persuasive

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"Chris'mas gif', mam," "Chris'mas gif', massa."

On this Saturday before Christmas could have been observed under one of the biggest baskets in the procession a pair of very small and very thin legs. They belonged to Simuel Sapp, nephew of Mrs. Caleb Hezekiah Gamaliel Amaziah Sapp, Most Worthy Prince of the Mysterious Ten.

Perhaps you'd like to know that the Mysterious Ten is a colored secret religious organization numbering its members by the hundreds, with branches all over the Southland. It is composed of both men and women, but the committee of men who selected the officers' titles somehow failed to provide for the emergency of a feminine aspirant for honors. They had never seen Mrs. Caleb Hezekiah Gamaliel Amaziah Sapp. Yet to address this imposing female as Our Most Worthy Prince did not seem to them the least inappropriate. With the negro the person addressed shares the exaltation which he himself experiences from the mere utterance of high-sounding names.

Simuel was an orphan and lived by his aunt's bounty. His own mother had called him Ed, but his ambitious aunt, to whom the fitness of things strongly appealed, had, upon her election to office in the Order, proceeded, with the aid of the Bible, to rechristen the family. So Ed was henceforth known as Simuel. All her discipline, however, could not accustom Mr. Sapp—who was only the Prince's husband, known to the town as John—to the mighty Caleb Hezekiah Gamaliel Amaziah. She even shamed him before all the neighbors, calling him a good-fur-nuthin', o'nery man, and told him that it was reg'lar onchristian of him not to be mo' than proud to have them thar gran' Bible names.

The Prince, as she was familiarly known to her deferential neighbors, used her title to conjure with, and Simuel was part of her scheme to impress and control her followers.

All the members of the local society spoke with pride of her charity to the orphan boy. At conventions and public meetings it was mentioned in speeches. Feeling their watchful eye upon her every action, this Most Worthy Prince made use of Simuel to point moral lessons to the "sisters." To have given him an entirely new suit of clothes would have been demoralizing, so Simuel was dressed from the left-off garments of charitably inclined white families. But everybody knew that it was the Prince's notable sacrifice that kept his poor garments in order, for at certain intervals she would excuse herself from the meetings on the plea that she must "be gwine to patch up somethin' for that por' little orphan chil' o' mine to wear."

Simuel was unquestionably the best boy in the quarters. He had to be. The responsibility of his connection with the house of Her Worthiness demanded it, and his slave-inherited soul accepted without question her domination. He was suppressed, overawed partly by her majestic presence, and partly by the muscular power that she gave him the opportunity to witness as she pounded the wash with a big, flat paddle on a block in the yard.

To-day, as the little fellow came through Mrs. Creswell's back door tottering under the heavy burden, the absence of joy in his life appealed to her as never before, and straightway she added Simuel to the Christmas plan that she and Drayton had been talking over for a fortnight. Their first Christmas as householders was to be celebrated by going early upon a thought-pilgrimage to the shrine of their first wooing. Next would come the presentation of emblems whose significance could be revealed only to two. A remembrance for the loved ones who were absent—a short visit to those near by. In the evening an exchange of hopes for Christmases to come.

But, ideal as was this plan, somehow it had failed to express fully the purpose of their lives, until it included the introduction of this loveless, motherless boy to the Santa Claus he had never known.

Early Christmas morning the Creswells were awakened by a small, timid voice pleading to be let in, and when Simuel stood before the fireplace where the night before he had hung his little patched stocking, his amazement was

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truly pathetic. There was the stocking, sure enough, but now it was bulging out in strange lumps, and overflowing on the hearth were the toys and fireworks.

Simuel had never seen so many bright, new things all together in his life. So long he stood dazed and bewildered that Margaret had to rouse him. But the child only looked appealingly into her face, then at the fireplace. He could not all at once take in the idea that anybody could be so good to him.

From a state of bewilderment they led him gradually to realize the significance of his possessions, and the way to get the greatest fun and the loudest noise out of his gifts from Santa Claus.

Meanwhile the Worthy Prince was impatiently watching from the door of her cabin. Never before had her nephew kept her waiting. Her combination of breakfast and dinner, consisting of a pot of boiled cabbage and pork, had been taken from the fireplace an hour ago. With every moment's delay her wrath rose to a higher pitch. "Mistah Sapp, wot you s'pose dun happen to dat boy? What's he mean by sneakin' off so early dis mornin', an' neber sayin' a word to me bout whar he's gwine to? How cum you sit dar, Mistah Sapp, wid yo' mout' shut up lak a clam? Can't you say nut'in'?"

On the low, three-legged stool at the corner of the fireplace—the one rush-bottom rocking-chair was always reserved for Her Worthiness—sat the husband bending over the fire, his elbows on his knees. So silent was he at all times in the house that Simuel scarcely knew the sound of his voice.

Once, when the boy first came to them, Uncle John had whittled him out a popgun to shoot china-berries from, but the Worthy Prince soon gave him to understand that she was the lawful guardeen o' that there chil', and she warn't gwine to see him ruint right under her own roof. And Simuel, seeing his uncle scolded for doing a generous thing for him, crept into his lap and offered the consolation of baby caresses. But that lasted only a moment before a powerful hand tore him from his nestling-place, and both child and man were so terrified by the dire threats of their patroness that the demonstration was never repeated.

Sometimes Simuel would catch sight of his uncle in some garden where he was employed by the day, or on the doorstep of one of the big houses, surrounded by a group of interested white children. They sat upon his knee and put their arms about his neck, and his wrinkled, pathetic face would beam in paternal tenderness as they listened to his tales of the days long past, when the Cunger Man came to town.

These pictures always filled Simuel's heart with strange yearnings, but left him conscious only of a deeper sense of isolation. On these occasions he would stoop low behind the fence, and the temptation to remain there and listen unseen to the mysteries with which his uncle kept the children so enthralled was almost more than he could resist. But Simuel's sense of duty was the master thought of his training, so he would hurry past upon the errand for Her Worthiness.

To-day, as John Sapp slowly knocked the ashes from his pipe, there came into his patient eyes the light that the children saw there when he told them stories. The Prince stood arms akimbo waiting the revelation. When he turned to her there were almost tears in his voice—"Ain't you gwine to think, wife, how dis here be's Christmas Day? Mebbe de boy's stopped som'whar to play a lit'le."

Just then Simuel appeared in the doorway—but was it really dat orp'an chil', or some radiant messenger of "Peace, good will to men"?

The Worthy Prince had not yet recovered from the shock of Sapp's suggestion that the boy might be at play. "Play! play! who giv' him permission to play!" The words were repeating themselves in her mind—her breath was taken away too completely to utter them. And now what did this mean? "Axshully dat boy what I raised myse'f com' right into dis yere house wid a horn in his mout', a-blowin' it, a drum in his han' a-beatin' un it, an' on his back de biggest flour-sack full a jimcracks you ain't eber seed in yo' born days, man!"

For years and years afterwards the

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Worthy Prince of the Mysterious Ten loved to repeat the story of that Christmas morning. "An' w'at you t'ink o' me a-standin' dar dat flabbergasted dat I ain't say a word? But de worst ob it were dat dey ain't pay no 'tention to me whatsomeber. Dat boy t'ink he ain't make nuf noise wid de horn en' de drum, so he thowed down a thing wrapped up in paper what dey calls a torpeejer, and wid dat I jest giv' sech a screech en' a jump dat dat fool man o' mine roll hisself clean off de stool, he was a-hollerin' en' a-laughin' so. En', bless gracious, 'fore I cud say jack rabbit dat boy ain't he dun empty de sack right on de flo' and spread dem t'ings all over! En' 'twere 'Auntie look at dis, en' 'Auntie look at dat,' till I ain't know whicheber way my head tu'n. En' dat crazy John—I call him John now when we's jes' in the fam'ly—he ses, ses he, 'Simuel, whar'd you git em?' En' Simuel ses, ses he, 'Santa Claus brung 'em down de Creswell chimbly, en' he ses to Mis' Creswell jest lak dis, he ses, "Mis' Creswell, I sees Simuel Sapp's stocking a-hangin' hyah, en' I knows by dat he wants some Chris'mas, so I'll jes' leab dese hyah t'ings fur 'im, en' you tell 'im fur me, Mis' Creswell, dat I t'inks how he's entitled to 'em kase he's de bes' boy in de town, en' he can tak' 'em home wid 'im, and dey kin be hisen all by hisself."'

"Wid dat, old John Sapp open his arms wide fur dat chil', en' he hug 'im en' he cry over 'im; en' seein' dat, I bust out cryin' too, en' I ses out loud dat dere wa'n't neber gwine be anodder Chris'mas in dat dere house widout Santa Claus.

"En', sistren, I've kep' my word, en' mor' than dat, I've used my inflooence wid all our people, mor' specially wid de sistren en' brodren of dis Worthy Society ob de Myster'ous Ten, dat one en' all dey invites Santa Claus to come down dere chimblys on Chris'mas night, kase he's bound to bring mor' than the gif's, my sistren. He'll bring unto you jes' w'at he brung to my house dat bery day—'twas de union of our hearts in one, en' 'tis from dat partic'lar day dat I dates de manhood o' my boy Simuel, de lovin' kindness of my husban' John, en' de usefulness to dis society of its own elected en' exalted Mos' Worthy Prince.

Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price, with postage added when the price is marked "net."

Ambassadors (The). By Henry James. Harper & Bros., New York. 5½×8½ in. 432 pages. $2.

Reserved for later notice.

Animal Education. By John B. Watson. Illustrated. The University of Chicago Press, Chicago. 6½×9½ in. 122 pages. $1.35.

An Introduction to the Study of Rhetoric. By Helen J. Robins and Agnes F. Perkins. The Macmillan Co., New York. 4½×7 in. 315 pages. 90c.

This is a judicious and helpful work, brief and compact. Specially commendable is the prominence given to clearness and force in sentence-structure, and to the contrast in parallel columns of correct and incorrect forms of expression.

Autobiography of Leigh Hunt (The). Edited by Roger Ingpen. In 2 vols. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $7.50.

This edition of Leigh Hunt's autobiography is a reprint of the latest edition, which received the author's revision, with the addition of many notes, new and old, designed to be of practical use to the general reader. The two volumes contain a number of interesting portraits in photogravure. There is an introduction by Thornton Hunt, the oldest son of the poet and essayist, and the editorial work has been very competently done by Mr. Roger Ingpen.

Barlasch of the Guard. By Henry Seton Merriman. Illustrated. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York. 5×8 in. 354 pages.

If this is the last book which is to come from the hand of Henry Seton Merriman, it will fill his readers with regret that his skill in story-telling can no longer be counted on to furnish wholesome entertainment for a very wide constituency of readers. In this volume Mr. Merriman draws on the rich material of the Napoleonic wars; and in the chief figure of the story presents a new picture of the soldier of fortune with whom Sir Arthur Conan Doyle acquaints us in "The Adventures of Gerard." The study of Barlasch is a strong piece of characterization,

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free, bold, distinct, with a happy subordination of detail to general effectiveness. The tale begins on the eve of the march to Moscow, very vividly describes, without too much elaboration, the approach to that city, the sweeping bare of the whole country by the Russians, the destruction of that city, and the terrible return march, bringing before the imagination very vividly the new elements with which Napoleon had to deal in that campaign and upon which he had not calculated. He was accustomed to the spirited opposition of the Latin races, which he had learned to crush by a few rapid and irresistible blows, but the indomitable patience of the Russian, his silent retreat leaving his enemy in possession of a barren country from which nothing could be drawn, was a new experience for the conqueror of Italy and of Austria. This aspect of the campaign is brought out with great clearness. The story is well constructed, has a distinct and very interesting plot, and is altogether an admirable piece of that kind of fiction which, while it cannot be ranked as literature, admirably serves the purpose of refreshment and entertainment.

Beatrice Book (The). By Ralph Harold Bretherton. John Lane, New York. 5×8 in. 352 pages. $1.20, net.

In narrative form, in a series of detached chapters, a young Englishman is supposed to embody the results of a study of his wife's character, particularly in relation to her attitude toward their two children. In spite of a trifling exaggeration in tone, here and there, it is a book that touches even when it causes a smile; for under all its whimsicality of utterance is a sure and tender discernment of the child mind and a very high and beautiful ideal of womanhood and parenthood.

Bismarck's Letters to His Wife from the Seat of War, 1870-1871. Translated by Armin Harder. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 5×8 in. 145 pages. $1, net. (Postage, 10c.)

All students of German history in general, and all admirers of Bismarck in particular, should own this small volume of letters. They tell us in an intimate manner much about the Franco-German War, and still more intimately about the admirable relations which always existed between the grim Iron Chancellor and her whom he was wont to call his "liebes Herz." But the letters hardly increase any feeling of respect for Bismarck as an unprejudiced mind. On nearly every page we note a tone of contempt for the French, accentuating the tone observed also in the collection of Bismarck's letters which does not include these familiar letters to his wife written during the war period. These were found in a casket after her death; they probably marked a specially memorable period in her life.

Book of Italian Travel, 1580-1900 (The). By H. Neville Maugham. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 7¼×8 in. 459 pages. $3, net.

An intelligent compilation of the observations of travelers, critics, and scholars on all matters relating to Italy. The quotations are prefaced and connected with the author's own comments and descriptions. The whole is carefully and tastefully welded together so as to form a reasonably popular volume. Every place and every topic is in this way covered in one way or another. The book is handsomely bound in limp covers.

China, Past and Present. By Edward Harper Parker. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5½×9 in. 425 pages. $3, net.

The accomplished author of "John Chinaman" has now published another and apparently more thoughtful book concerning the Flowery Kingdom—a volume which seems better to comport with his position as a Professor of Chinese. The present work instructs us particularly as to the conditions of literature, philosophy, politics, and religion. Concerning literature, Professor Parker is careful to point out that it depends upon the Chinese, and not at all upon the Manchus, for its progress and influence. The true Manchu, says our author, has an honest contempt for "writing fellows;" he has long since forgotten his own language, "and now speaks a rough, energetic, bastard Chinese called Pekingese, with a good honest country burr." This language bears somewhat the same relation to literary Chinese as Hindustani does to Sanskrit, or the Vienna dialect to High German. As to philosophy and religion, it is again the Chinese who show reverence and insight, not the Manchus. However, just now the Manchu policy makes a show of deference to Confucianism, "just as the great Napoleon found it desirable to conciliate the Pope." Of course, as regards politics, the future of China comes in for interesting discussion, and to most readers probably the notable feature of the book will be that section in which are described the onward march and the claims of Russia, the balance of power in the Far East, her relations with Japan, the German sphere of influence, the Anglo-Russian relations, etc. Professor Parker's information about these present-day conditions in many departments of life is preceded, as it should be, by a review of Chinese history, especially during the Boxer atrocities of 1900.

China's Book of Martyrs. By Luella Miner. Illustrated. The Pilgrim Press, New York. 5½×8¼ in. 512 pages. $1.50, net. (Postage, 15c.)

These martyrs were not missionaries, but native Chinese. The narrative deals also with others than those who died for their faith. The heroism of those whose fidelity contributed to the deliverance of imperiled Europeans and Americans is worthily commemorated, especially in the story of the siege of Peking, to which large space is given. There were, of course, some Chinese Christians who did not stand firm, as most did, during that terrific trial, but the conduct of the majority compares favorably with that of Roman Christians in the great persecution of the third century. The volume is copiously illustrated.

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Creevey Papers (The): A Selection from the Correspondence and Diaries of the Late Thomas Creevey, M.P. Edited by the Right Hon. Sir Herbert Maxwell, Bart., M.P., LL.D., F.R.S. In 2 vols. With Portraits. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5½×9 in. $8, net, a set.

The first decades of the nineteenth century are described for us in these pages with an amount of side-light illumination which at once distinguishes the Creevey memoirs above any contemporary records of this kind save the Croker papers. But the latter, covering much the same ground, are written from an opposite political point of view. The Creevey Papers help us to understand fully a question which has frequently arisen in the minds of the reader of the English history which lies between 1800 and 1820. How could the people endure a mad King and an irresponsible Regent? According to the present volumes, the reason is found in the determination of the English "to see the war through." And by that war, we may add, England not only added immeasurably to her own military and naval prestige; she saved Europe. Another lesson to be learned is that of the causes of the disunion which sapped the efficacy of the Whig opposition during the first thirty years of the nineteenth century. Those years represent Thomas Creevey's service in Parliament. He represented two unregenerate pocket boroughs. He had seen but four years of Parliamentary service when, after Fox's death, the "Ministry of All the Talents" was formed, and in this he received the office of Secretary of the Board of Control. During those years some great and many picturesque characters passed across the English stage—Addington, Sir John Moore, Pitt, Sheridan, Warren Hastings, Castlereagh, Canning, Brougham, Romilly, Wellington; Lords Grey, Liverpool, Holland, and Thurlow. Among such worthies Thomas Creevey was, of course, a man of subordinate importance, yet, like Pepys, Greville, and others, he has left such a notable mass of correspondence and diaries as to reveal not only a real, living personality representative of the society of that day, but also and especially a glimpse of that society which we do not find in any English histories, properly so called, though written by a Green or a Gardiner.

Dennis Foggarty, the Irish Yutzo. By Lord Gilhooley. Illustrated. The Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York. 5½×8 in. 216 pages.

Development of European Polity (The). By Henry Sidgwick. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5½×9 in. 454 pages.

A wonderfully discriminating analysis of the instincts and ideas which have shaped the political development of ancient and modern Europe. A volume of rare scholarship and still rarer judicial poise.

Doctor Xavier. By Max Pemberton. Illustrated. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 355 pages. $1.50.

Doctor Xavier is an expatriated Spanish nobleman living incognito in London, where he conducts wicked scientific experiments, by the aid of which, and certain occult means known only to himself and Yussup, his Moorish slave, he transforms a very ordinary young English girl into the most beautiful woman in the world. Returning to Spain, through the instrumentality of this innocent dupe, he almost succeeds in a plot against his prince, but, failing, is dealt with by the author with due regard for poetic justice—as indeed are also the noble prince and the lovely lady.

Elsieville: A Tale of Yesterday. By Charles B. Holmes. Published by Charles B. Holmes, New York. 5¼×7 in. 183 pages. $1.

Evolution of the Elementary Schools of Great Britain (The). By James C. Greenough, A.M., LL.D. The International Education Series. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 4½×7¼ in. 265 pages. $1.20, net.

Knowledge of another system of education than our own conduces to a better knowledge of our own. And so Dr. Greenough has done service in this book to our own educational interests. His frequent comparison of British practice with American, while it shows to our advantage, shows also points where we can improve. Of special interest is his impartial account of the present controversy in England on the question of denominational teaching in schools supported by the State. The syllabus of instruction in the Bible in the London Board schools is given in full, and the high value of such instruction throughout the country is strongly affirmed. A chapter is devoted to training-schools, and another to the elementary schools of Scotland. The true perspective is given to the whole by the preface contributed by Dr. Harris, our Commissioner of Education. Its comparison between an aristocratic and a democratic organization of society gives the right point of view for a just and useful comparison of their educational systems.

Famous Battles of the Nineteenth Century. Described by Archibald Forbes, George A. Henty, Major Arthur Griffiths, and Other Well-Known Writers. Edited by Charles Welsh. Illustrated. In 2 vols. The A. Wessels Co., New York. 5×8 in. $1, net, per vol.

By covering exactly the last century there is afforded a good grouping principle for these spirited stories of warfare. We are a little in doubt as to which of the narratives were originally written for this work and which were selected from books; it would have been well to indicate the source explicitly in the latter case, as the rather indefinite acknowledgment in the preface hardly suffices. The books are designed for boys and are liberally illustrated. The first volume covers the period 1801–1817, the second 1861–1871, thus omitting the Crimean and Mexican wars and some smaller wars.

Foe of Compromise and Other Essays (The). By William Garrott Brown. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7 in. 224 pages. $1.50, net.

An unusual volume of essays. Each one of them has a literary charm which is far removed from any artifice of style but is the inevitable outcome of a fine spirit, expressing with reverent care its deepest thought

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and feeling on the themes it has had at heart. The initial essay, which gives the book its title, is a searching inquiry into an ever-present problem which confronts statesmen and citizens. Its successors lie more distinctly within the field which Mr. Brown is making his own—American history—and in them we have renewed promise of an American historian, with clear insight into the inner life of past events, and the real motives of the men participating in them. We do not need anything more discriminating regarding the animating purposes of America's democratic and conservative parties than Mr. Brown's essay entitled "A Defense of American Parties." The conservative parties, he says, have always concerned themselves to secure the safest administrators of the Nation's material affairs; the democratic parties have always concerned themselves with the vindication of the nation's ideals. His own attitude toward these two ever-warring purposes is clearly defined in the following sentences describing the position of the cautious but thoughtful independent voter:

> He will support the strong government party when he must, the free government party when he dares. In time of peril from without, he will naturally look to the party which is readiest in emergencies. When there is merely a difficult work to do, he will again look to the party which is intelligently led and which includes so large a proportion of successful Americans in its membership. In fine, he will be wise to choose that party on all questions of immediate expediency. But whenever the essential character of the Republic is truly involved, when the question is of tendencies rather than conditions, of ideas rather than things, he will oftener turn to the teaching of Jefferson; when there is need of tearing down and building again, he may even invoke the spirit of Andrew Jackson. For there be two Jinn, two slaves of the lamp, that serve the Republic. One, the nimbler and the more intelligent, is best employed in the care of its material interests, its bodily welfare. The other, a turbulent, huge, and mighty demon, guards, with a ferocious jealousy, the twofold liberty which is its soul.

Gareth and Lynette and Other Idylls. By Alfred Tennyson. (Standard Literature Series.) The University Publishing Co., New York. 5×7 in. 112 pages.

Glimpses of Truth. By Rt. Rev. J. L. Spalding. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. 4½×7 in. 249 pages. 80c., net.

These "glimpses" are inspired by long communing with the wisdom of the ages. They are often brief and apophthegmatic in form. The volume concludes with brief sketches of the life and thought of Epictetus and Marcus Aurelius. It is a good book to keep upon the table for the leisure moment and the thoughtful hour.

God with Us: Bible Stories for Little Ones. Written by L. L. Weedon. Illustrated by John Lawson. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 10×12 in. 58 pages. $1.50.

Gossip from Paris during the Second Empire: Correspondence (1864-1869) of Anthony B. North Peat, Attaché au Cabinet du Ministre de l'Intérieur and, later, Attaché au Conseil d'Etat. Selected and Arranged by A. R. Waller. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 5¾×9 in. 354 pages. $2.50, net. (Postage, 20c.)

This is a work of gossip, it is true, but of high-class gossip. The glimpses which we get of prominent personages in the Second Empire, of Guizot, Girardin, Fleury, Morny, the Empress Eugénie, Alexandre Dumas, and others both political and literary, are intimate and picturesque glimpses, but of the kind which the ordinary man may have without feeling that he has violated any right of privacy. The work adds not inconsiderably to our knowlege of social conditions as they existed in the reign of Napoleon III.

Governor William Tryon and his Administration in the Province of North Carolina, 1765-1771. By Marshall DeLancey Haywood. E. M. Uzzell, Raleigh, N. C. 7½×11 in. 223 pages.

Historic Buildings: As Seen and Described by Famous Writers. Edited and Translated by Esther Singleton. Illustrated. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 5½×8¼ in. 340 pages. $1.60, net.

In its make-up, the latest volume in this interesting series is like the author's other compilations, but it is not the least attractive and valuable of them. Like its predecessors, it has distinctive charm because of the continual contrast, first between the interesting subjects treated and then between the no less interesting writers who describe them. For instance, side by side will be found Orvieto Cathedral as described by John Addington Symonds and the Torre del Oro at Seville as described by Edmondo de Amicis (whose first name the author spells with a "u"). Alongside Charles Dickens's description of the Palace of the Popes at Avignon is a description by Pierre Loti of the Church of the Holy Sepulcher at Jerusalem. There are abundant evidences of a rather too catholic cataloguing of the illustrations; for instance, St. Laurence's Church at Nuremberg is put down as "St. Laurence's, Germany;" however interesting it may be to know that there is a Church of St. Laurence in Germany, even the most ordinary reader would prefer to think of it in connection with the particular town of which it forms a distinguishing feature.

History of Socialism in the United States. By Morris Hillquit. Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York. 5¼×8 in. 371 pages. $1.50, net.

The first carefully prepared history of American Socialism which covers the development of the Socialist parties during the present generation. The author not only covers this development but comprehends it, and enables his readers to do the same.

Home (The): Its Work and Influence. By Charlotte Perkins Gilman. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 347 pages. $1.50, net.

This is a strong plea for freeing the home from some of the industries still carried on within it which keep women as an almost universal class house servants, and prevent the progress which has attended other human activities from being made in household cooking and in the caring for children, two of the greatest social needs. It is doubtful whether the majority of women are prepared to accept all of Mrs. Gilman's conclusions. There is truth, however, in the statement that those house-mothers who, as in nine-tenths of the families of America, must

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cook, clean, sew, wash, nurse, mend, and take care of the children, cannot perform any of these important functions properly, and if the book prepares the way for greater specialization and greater co-operation in household labor, it will do great good.

Infection and Immunity: With Special Reference to the Prevention of Infectious Diseases. By George M. Sternberg, M.D., LL.D. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5½×8½ in. 293 pages. $1.75.

Infection is generally supposed to be synonymous with contagion; really it is a more comprehensive term. For while all contagious diseases are infectious, not all infectious diseases are contagious. Contagious diseases are transmitted through personal contact or through the medium of objects which have been in contact with infected individuals. Concerning malarial, yellow, and other fevers, the bubonic plague, the Asiatic cholera, tuberculosis, leprosy, diphtheria, influenza, and other diseases, we are impressively informed in Dr. Sternberg's volume—one of great value to the general reader, especially as the author has largely avoided technical terms, and, when it has been necessary to use these, we note an endeavor on his part to explain them. Dr. Sternberg believes that all infectious diseases are preventable diseases, and that it is also possible to indicate the necessary measures of prevention of nearly all of them. We trust that the book may do something to further general education upon these subjects, the lack of which has been to a great measure the reason why hundreds of thousands of victims have succumbed every year to infection. The volume may even serve as a text-book in high schools and colleges; it certainly should serve as a manual of ready reference for those who are responsible for the sanitation of homes and schools.

Japanese Physical Training. By H. Irving Hancock. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5×7½ in. 156 pages. $1.50.

We are in the habit of thinking of the Japanese as not only a diminutive race, but one not physically strong. Mr. Hancock's book ought to change that notion. He describes the *jiujitsu*, or the system of physical training in vogue in Japan, and claims that from it and their rational living the Japanese possess the greatest endurance of any people, that they have attained superior vitality, cheerfulness of temperament, and happiness.

Josiah Tucker, Economist: A Study in the History of Economics. By Walter Ernest Clark, Ph.D. (Columbia University Studies in Political Science.) The Columbia University Press (The Macmillan Co.), New York. 6×9½ in. 258 pages. $1.50.

Journal of Montaigne's Travels in Italy by way of Switzerland and Germany in 1580 and 1581. Translated and Edited by W. G. Waters. In 3 vols. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 4½×6¾ in. $5, net, a set.

These three very pretty small volumes not only give a traveler's vivid impressions of Italy in the latter part of the sixteenth century, but also afford a close view of the personality of the most charming and graceful of the old French essayists. Montaigne made no special effort at literary style in his journals. Indeed, they were largely written by a secretary and in the third person, but everywhere is evidence of his powers of observation and his sense of the humorous and unusual. The comparisons between Italy and France are frequent and instructive. Mr. W. G. Waters supplies a satisfying introduction. There are many pictures from early prints and plans.

Key of Paradise (The). By Sidney Pickering. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 308 pages.

The elemental passions dominate this romance of last-century Italy. Prince Decilis, the jealous husband; Captain Charnley, the English soldier whom he suspects; Don Mario Vierci, his political and personal enemy, and the innocent and charming little Princess Valeria, are the principal characters in a moving drama, the action of which takes place in Rome and at the Prince's castle, San Cataldo, where, face to face with death, husband and wife find at last the key of an earthly paradise.

Life of a Wooden Doll (The). By Lewis Saxby. Illustrated. Fox, Duffield & Co., New York. 9½×8 in. 64 pages. $1.25.

Quaint and amusing rhymes about the adventures of a wooden doll and her toy friends. Capitally illustrated by pictures from real "life."

Life of Johnson. By Thomas B. Macaulay. Edited by Albert L. Walker, A.M. (Heath's English Classics.) D. C. Heath & Co., Boston. 4½×6½ in. 92 pages.

Life of Saint Magdalen (The). Translated from the Italian of an Unknown Fourteenth Century Writer by Valentina Hawtrey. John Lane, New York. 5×8 in. 286 pages.

This book is like "Aucassin et Nicolette"—a characteristic specimen of mediæval literature. It is the story by an unknown author of the relations of our Lord with the family of Lazarus, whose sister Mary is here identified with the Magdalen. The only historical part is the narration of the Passion, but the entire story is done with such wholehearted reverence as to make it a permanent as well as an interesting literary landmark. We believe that it has been and will be also a distinct aid in the religious life.

Long Night (The). By Stanley J. Weyman. Illustrated. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York. 5×8 in. 407 pages.

A story of adventure, the scene of which is laid in Geneva at a time when that city was the center of the Protestant movement in that part of Europe, and in a constant state of siege. The plot is ingenious and original. The adventures follow one another in the most rapid succession; and while the story does not possess the artistic completeness and consistency of "A Gentleman of France" or "The House of the Wolf," it is well planned and well told.

Long Will. By Florence Converse. Illustrated. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5×8 in. 377 pages. $1.50.

Foremost in these pages appear, very life-

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like, the boy king, Richard II., Will Langland of "Piers Plowman" fame, and a charming damosel, Calote. Whether or not it accords with the facts of history, in giving to this one of the "fathers of English poetry" so attractive a human family as this daughter and the devoted Kitte, his wife, the author has certainly strengthened her romance. The mediæval atmosphere of the story is intensified by quaint initials and woodcut illustrations.

Marak: A Story of Old Virginia. By W. Asbury Christian. L. H. Jenkins, Richmond, Va. 5×7½ in. 386 pages. $1.50.

"Miladi." By Clara E. Laughlin. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5×8 in. 199 pages. $1.20.

A modern picture of the woman who looketh well to the ways of her household, best described, perhaps, in the author's own words, as "sundry little chapters devoted to your day-dreams, Dear Miladi, and your realizations, Harking back to your Education, your experience in the Industrial World, and your Decision in favor of the claims of Home."

Mountain Walks of a Recluse. By Rev. E. C. Burr. The Broadway Publishing Co., New York. 5¼×7½ in. 278 pages.

Municipal Trade: The Advantages and Disadvantages. By Major Leonard Darwin. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5½×9 in. 464 pages. $3.50, net.

An able presentation of the arguments against municipal activity in industries open to competition. The radical side of this question has now so many advocates among book and magazine writers that an authoritative work on the conservative side is to be welcomed.

New England History in Ballads. By Edward E. Hale and his Children. Illustrated. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 6×8½ in. 182 pages. $2, net.

Some of these ballads are famous, like Holmes's "Old Ironsides," some are reprinted from ancient broadsides, some are transcripts from memory of old songs, many are the original work of Dr. Hale and members of his family, who have here embarked in the patriotic and laudable design of commemorating those stirring episodes of Yankee history and adventure which *ought* to have had ballads written about them years ago. There is plenty of swing and rush in these poems, which have also vivid historical interest.

Our Nation's Flag; In History and Incident. By Colonel Nicholas Smith. Illustrated. The Young Churchman Co., Milwaukee. 5¼×8 in. 215 pages. $1, net.

Pedagogue at Play (The). By M. A. Hewett. Illustrated. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 296 pages.

No sportsman who contemplates shooting in England, Scotland, or Ireland, who hopes to fish in Norway, or to enjoy winter games in Switzerland, should fail to read this charming book. It is contagiously full of the open air. If this pedagogue at play inhaled such long-continued drafts of ozone, what must his pedagoguery have been like when he got back to work again! The story is simple and straightforward, as becomes the recital of doings not so extraordinary as to be beyond the reach of most of us. That unextraordinariness is one charm of the book. The reader feels that he, too, could take Mr. Hewett's gun and rod and do very much as Mr. Hewett did. The book is thus at once restful and invigorating.

Poems. By George Edward Woodberry. The Macmillan Co., New York. 4½×7¼ in. 278 pages. $1.50, net.

This single, attractively-made volume, uniform in appearance with the Eversley Edition, contains all of Mr. Woodberry's published verses included in the earlier volumes, "My Country," "Wild Eden," "The North Shore Watch," and others, except "The Roamer," which is a fragment, and which the author reserves because he hopes to complete it. The preface tells us that the book "represents the passing of many years, and begins from days almost of boyhood." The Outlook has commented very fully on the rare intellectual and poetic quality of Professor Woodberry's work in verse. This volume is not likely to find a host of readers, but those who have been attracted to Professor Woodberry's work in the past have found in it a quality of thought, of interest, and of art which gives it a permanent place in their affections.

Proud Prince (The). By Justin Huntley McCarthy. Illustrated. R. H. Russell, New York. 4½×7¾ in. 276 pages.

Mr. McCarthy's romance is an amplification of the legendary and traditional accounts of the moral transformation of Robert the Bad of Sicily into Robert the Righteous, through love of Perpetua, daughter of the public executioner, who afterward became his queen.

Pussy Meow. By S. Louise Patteson. Illustrations. Andrew Melrose, London, England. 5×7¾ in. 237 pages.

An English lady is amanuensis to this attractive feline, but Mrs. Sarah K. Bolton writes the preface to her story. We should be glad to think that it will have more than a limited appeal, for it is not the lovers of Pussy who need to be touched, but the indifferent and thoughtless who might be moved by it to greater consideration for her and our other animal friends.

Rhymes of Real Children. By Betty Sage. Illustrated by Jessie Willcox Smith. Fox, Duffield & Co., New York. 10½×12 in. 32 pages. $1.50, net. (Postage, 15c.)

Not only the rhymes but the pictures are those of "real children"—not photographic but having the sincerity of true imagination. The artist is to be congratulated on these extremely beautiful presentations of child life and mother love. It is rare that art of such a fine type is to be found in a children's book. The drawings for the page borders are amusing and cleverly worked out, and the color-printing of the book is refined and pleasing. The little poems are frolicsome

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and merry, and will appeal to a small child's sense of fun.

Shakespeare's Twelfth Night. Edited by Edward P. Morton, M.A. The Macmillan Co., New York. 4×5¾ in. 179 pages. 25c.

Short History of Mexico (A). By Arthur Howard Noll. (New Edition.) A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. 4½×7 in. 317 pages. 75c., net.

This volume comprises a new and enlarged edition of an excellent work.

Soul Sonnets of a Stenographer. By Samuel Ellsworth Kiser. Forbes & Co., Boston. 4½×6 in. 62 pages. 35c.

Stella Fregelius. By H. Rider Haggard. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 361 pages. $1.50.

In his preface to this story, Mr. Haggard justly says that it is in no sense a romance of the character his readers expect from him as a matter of course. It is an interesting departure, however, and forms another contribution to the accumulation of speculative theories concerning the persistence of personality after death, and the possibility of its effect on the living, for better or worse.

Story of a Labor Agitator (The). By Joseph R. Buchanan. The Outlook Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 461 pages. $1.25, net.

Mr. Buchanan's personality gives charm as well as life to this narrative of labor struggles. To follow one man sympathetically through a conflict in which he bore a difficult part gives a more vivid conception of what his fellows also underwent than would the most brilliant generalizations of the keenest analyst of their class history. Mr. Buchanan has presented in the terms of personal experience just what Mr. John Mitchell has recently presented with like ability in the terms of economic argument—the innermost life of the laborer. Neither of these writers has trenched at all upon the other's field of work. Between them they have put before the reading public a singularly clear and full view of the labor movement as it seems to the ablest of its leaders. The chapters from Mr. Buchanan's book which have appeared in The Outlook have enabled our readers to judge of the attractiveness of its style.

Struggle for Light (My): Confessions of a Preacher. By R. Wimmer. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5×7½ in. 216 pages.

Stuart Tracts, 1603–1693. Introduction by C. H. Firth. (An English Garner.) E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5½×8½ in. 514 pages. $1.25, net.

Studies in German Literature in the Nineteenth Century. By John Firman Coar. The Macmillan Co., New York. 6×9 in. 401 pages. $2.50, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Sunday-School Teaching: The Simple Elements of Child-Study and Religious Pedagogy in Popular and Interesting Form. By the Rev. William Walter Smith, M.A., M.D. The Young Churchman Co., Milwaukee, Wis. 5×7½ in. 167 pages. 50c.

This is the work of a thoroughly trained specialist, and is valuable in various lines both of theory and practice.

Symbol-Psychology: A New Interpretation of Race-Traditions. By Adolph Roeder. Harper & Bros., New York. 5×7¾ in. 204 pages. $1.50, net.

The constructive idea of the author is that the myths and folk-lore of primitive times symbolize certain abstract truths, which the "race-mind" conceived in concrete and picturesque form. To call this "symbol-psychology," however convenient, is not accurate, for psychology has no concern with abstract truths or general ideas. Mr. Roeder is interesting even where not convincing, and he hardly convinces us that the amorous relations of Zeus to fair virgins were, in the view of the story-makers, "symbols of the varying influx of the Divine Life into virgin human soul-soil." His entertaining volume impresses us as an application to ancient fables of Swedenborg's treatment of the Bible.

Tenement-House Problem (The): Including the Report of the New York State Tenement-House Commission of 1900. By Various Writers. Edited by Robert W. De Forest and Lawrence Veiller. In 2 vols. The Macmillan Co., New York. 6×9 in. $6, net.

An encyclopædia of information upon the housing problem in New York City. Though the work of city officials, it has none of the perfunctory quality we associate with official reports, but rather the apostolic quality we associate with the work of reformers. The explanation lies, of course, in the fact that the editors—and, indeed, the writers of the greater part of the volume—were at the head of the reform movement which created the department, and for that reason were placed by Mayor Low in charge of the work of their creation—the parents being justly considered the safest guardians of their offspring. Their work as editors and writers has been well performed, for not only have they given an unwonted vitality to their encyclopædia, but they have so planned the work assigned to their fellow-contributors that there are few if any needless repetitions, and every phase of the subject is treated with authority. Among the phases presented by other contributors are "Housing Conditions and Tenement Laws in Leading European Cities," by Winthrop E. Dwight; "Tenement-House Sanitation," by Albert L. Webster, C.E.; "Small Houses for Workingmen," by H. L. Cargill; "Financial Aspects of Recent Tenement-House Operations in New York," by Elgin R. L. Gould; "Prostitution as a Tenement-House Evil," by James B. Reynolds; "Policy a Tenement-House Evil," by F. Norton Goddard; and "Foreign Immigration and the Tenement-House in New York City," by Kate Holladay Claghorn. The whole work is so well done that its minor defects might perhaps be left without mention. These defects are mainly those almost inseparable from the work of enthusiastic reformers, such as a disposition to magnify the moral gains from the material reforms championed, and a disposition to magnify the material gains of landlords and speculators

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who oppose these reforms. There is also an observable failure to give generous credit to some of the reformers who did the pioneer work in this field when public regulation of the rights of private property-owners to build as they would was as yet on trial. At all events, we find rather severe criticisms of their mistakes, unaccompanied by adequate explanations of the reasons which at the time seemed to justify their course. The reformers of the present time are probably making similar mistakes.

Theory of Advertising (The): A Simple Exposition of the Principles of Psychology in their Relations to Successful Advertising. By Walter Dill Scott, Ph.D. Small, Maynard & Co., Boston. 5×8¼ in. 240 pages.

Thoughtless Thoughts of Carisabel (The). By Isa Carrington Cabell. Henry Holt & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 345 pages. $1.25, net.

Nothing so clever as this book has come our way in many a day. The delicious and whimsical humor pervading each one of its thirty genial satires make the reading of it a treat to be enjoyed and remembered.

Twelve Little Pilgrims who Stayed at Home. By Lucy Jameson Scott (Mrs. O. W. Scott). Illustrated. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5×8 in. 270 pages. $1, net.

Two Argonauts in Spain. By Jerome Hart. Illustrated. Payot, Upham & Co., San Francisco. 6×8¼ in. 256 pages.

Mr. Hart's volume may find place on that shelf which contains Colonel Hay's "Castilian Days," Miss Bates's "Highways and Byways in Spain," Zimmerman's "Spain and the Spaniards," and Daviller's "L'Espagne," but it will come after all these. It is very well for an American newspaper correpondent to visit Spanish cities and to describe life as he sees it from his hotel; it is quite another thing for a man to sojourn in foreign capitals, and not only in them, but in the towns and in the country, to learn to know not merely the people on the streets but the people in the houses, and then to dip beneath the surface of their lives. That is truer observation.

Two Centuries of Costume in America, MDCXX-MDCCCXX. By Alice Morse Earle. Illustrated. In 2 vols. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5½×8¼ in. 388 pages. $5, net.

Commodes, banyans, pinners, mobs, turbans, nightrails—to say nothing of periwigs, pattens, clogs, and goloe-shoes—were once literally household words. Into the intricacies and humors of ancient dress and its nomenclature Mrs. Earle plunges with her accustomed appreciation of the quaint, the queer, and the picturesque. There is a literature of costume, and also a great deal that is interesting in literature about costume. From numerous sources—Pepys and "Hudibras" Butler, for instance—the author has drawn striking instances and quotations, some of the apt excerpts dating back more than three hundred years. Her learning on the subject is really prodigious, and she imparts it in a thoroughly agreeable manner. The two volumes are beautifully printed, and have hundreds of pictures, some of which have interest both as portraits and as expositions of dress.

United States in Our Own Time (The): A History from Reconstruction to Expansion. By E. Benjamin Andrews. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 6×9½ in. 961 pages. $5, net.

No man can pass the final judgments of history upon the events of his own time, but since the history of our own time is precisely that which we all most need to know, and which young men at least do know, it is extremely valuable to have it presented so freshly, so clearly, so broadly as in President Andrews's work. The interest in the narrative never flags, and the breadth of the author's sympathies have led him to give an account of the great industrial and social movements and events which often escape the attention of the formal historians of our political life, but which really effect the most important changes in the whole framework of our society. The present volume is an extension of that published a few years ago under the title "The History of the Last Quarter Century," and covers, of course, the recent epoch of "expansion." As the readers of the previous volume will remember, the work is admirably illustrated—the illustrations invariably making clearer or more vivid the author's text.

Verilies of Jesus (The). By David James Burrell, D.D., LL.D. The American Tract Society, New York. 5×7½ in. 192 pages. $1.

The sermons in this collection are based on the sayings of Jesus that begin with the solemn asseveration "Verily."

Walsh, the Wonder-Worker. By George Manville Fenn. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co. New York. 5×7½ in. 407 pages. $1.50.

Less sensational and more amusing than most of Mr. Fenn's stories for boys. It deals with English country life—poaching and fishing are given large place.

William Wetmore Story and His Friends: From Letters, Diaries, and Recollection. By Henry James. In 2 vols. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5¼×8 in. $5, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Woman's Work in Music. By Arthur Elson. Illustrated. L. C. Page & Co., Boston. 5×8 in. 268 pages. $1.60, net.

This is a pleasant book of reference for those who want to know something about the lives, for instance, of Clara Schumann, Camille Chaminade, Augusta Holmés, Teresa Carreño, or of the many other women who, from Sappho to Ingeborg von Bronsart, have composed or interpreted music. It is interesting to note that the foremost women composers to-day in America, England, and Germany are, according to Mr. Elson, Mrs. Beach in our own country, Mrs. Meadows-White in England, and Louisa Lebeau in Germany.

Wonder Stories from the Gospels. Arranged by Frederica Beard. The Winona Publishing Co., Chicago. 4½×6¼ in. 80 pages. 25c.

Yellow Satchel (The). By Fred Whishaw. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 278 pages. $1.50.

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Correspondence

Panama and Colombia

From a Correspondent at Panama

Every American ought to be heartily in sympathy with the people of the Isthmus of Panama in their newly found independence. The people of the American colonies who in 1776 threw off the yoke of British oppression never suffered so much from the misgovernment of their mother country as did these people of Panama, who were ground beneath the heel of Colombian tyranny.

Panama, once free and independent, had lost her ancient liberties. From a free sovereign State voluntarily entering the confederation of New Granada, she had fallen to the condition of a conquered province. No measure of self-government was left to her. She was expressly excepted, by an article of the Constitution of Colombia, from the same rights as the other States. She was merely the "Department of Panama," which was placed directly under the control of the Federal Government, and for which special laws were decreed.

Panama was governed from Bogota, far up in the mountains, in the interior of the country. The executive at Bogota appointed the Governor for Panama and named the two Senators to which she was entitled in the Colombian Congress. Scores of offices were created in the "Department of Panama," and Colombians were sent to fill them and collect the salaries.

A large force of troops, natives of southern Colombia, was quartered on the Isthmians as a permanent garrison. There were generals enough, drawing big salaries, to make up an army by themselves.

The Bogota Government did not pay for all this civil and military government. It made the Isthmus pay for it all, and then took large sums from the Isthmian revenues to help pay the expenses up at Bogota.

Colombia collected $260,000 a year from the Panama Railroad Company; it collected a nominal rental from the Canal Company; it derived an immense sum from the lottery concession; it collected from $75,000 to $100,000 a year from the gambling concession; it established monopolies in salt, the pearl fisheries of Panama, the Darien gold-mines of Panama, the privilege of slaughtering cattle for food, the sale of tobacco, cigars, and cigarettes; the right to construct and operate railroads, telephones, telegraphs, and electric lights; it placed an ad valorem duty of twenty-five per cent. silver on all goods imported into the Isthmus. In fact, the Colombian Government bled the people of Panama in every conceivable fashion, and what did it give Panama in return?

The cities of Panama and Colon were left without sanitation, to become perfect pest-holes of disease. The streets were left uncleaned except by the buzzards. Not a road was built or a bridge constructed. To-day, on the Isthmus, which has been inhabited and a highway of the world's traffic for nearly four hundred years, the whole country is still a wilderness. There are no roads. Just think of it! Even the old stone road which the Spaniards built between Portobello, on the Caribbean side, and Panama has been allowed to go to ruin and is to-day overgrown and impassable. Not a river in the Department is bridged, except where the American railroad crosses the Isthmus.

For fifty years railway trains have been crossing the divide, yet its narrow track is still hedged in on either side by deep, stagnant morasses or impenetrable hill jungles. There is no industry. The Government would not give title to land to private owners, and discouraged all attempts at agriculture.

Now there has been an awakening. Even if the same old system of raising revenues be continued (the lottery, the gambling-table, and the monopolies), at least this good will be done—the proceeds will all be devoted to the Isthmus,

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and, besides maintaining the officials of the Government and the army, there will be plenty left for public works, for the long-needed roads, bridges, sanitation, and for the encouragement of agriculture.

Let us hope, for the honor and good name of our new sister republic of Panama, that the lottery and gambling concessions and the public and private monopolies of all kinds will be once and for all abolished. There will still be enough revenues, from the railroad and the canal, to provide well for all the needs of honest government.

There will be immense sums of money expended on the Isthmus if the canal construction be resumed, and the long-suffering Isthmians are now looking forward to an era of great business prosperity. H. V. M.

Panama, December 1.

Negroes and Music

To the Editors of The Outlook:

The Outlook has devoted so much attention to a discussion of the Negro Question, and of the capacity of the negro to reach a creditable place in the scale of civilization, that I am sure its readers will be glad to know something of a noteworthy achievement by negroes in the realm of music. I refer to the performance in Washington, by a negro choral society, of the trilogy or cantata entitled "Hiawatha," composed by S. Coleridge-Taylor, an English negro. I say English, because he is the son of a native African physician, who was educated in London and married an Englishwoman. His work as a musical composer is of so creditable a nature that at the age of eighteen he won a scholarship in the Royal College of Music in London. The cantata of "Hiawatha" has very recently been given in both Washington and Baltimore by the Coleridge-Taylor Society of Washington, the chorus, soloists, and conductor at these concerts all being colored people. I had an opportunity recently of attending one of the rehearsals of the Society, and wish I could give your readers a part of the interesting impressions which I received. The conductor, Mr. J. T. Layton, is a full-blooded African, and a thoroughly educated musician. He demanded strict attention to the work in hand, and obtained it without being unnecessarily severe. The African enters into whatever he is doing in a way to make his colder-blooded Anglo-Saxon brother envious. So when Mr. Layton demanded a *forte*, the chorus gave him a *forte*. More remarkable still, *piano* effects were fully as good. "Softly but no dragging," "I want a round tone," "Sing with buoyancy," "Don't bury your heads in your books. You ought to be able to sing the first part from memory by this time," were some of his suggestions. The tenor soloist, whose voice is singularly sweet and of a high range, aroused so much enthusiasm in the chorus that there was continuous hand-clapping for nearly five minutes. This applause the conductor brought to an end by saying, good-naturedly, "Please reserve a little of your enthusiasm for your own work," which caused a hearty laugh. The evident enjoyment of the chorus was a pleasure to witness. The conductor curbed their too earnest endeavors to maintain the rhythm at one point by telling them to keep their feet still. The singing of plantation songs would be incomplete without this effective accompaniment, but it was of course out of place in a work like "Hiawatha." The high range of the soprano voices was a revelation to the five white visitors present. At one point in the last chorus high B natural is demanded. Mr. Layton said: "Now, last year all of the sopranos tried to take high B whether they could or not, and the result was not pleasant. This year I want only those to try it who can take it easily." After much urging, fifteen arose, but promptly sat down when the conductor added, "I am going to try you right now." He explained, however, that he did not mean to try their voices one by one, and they consented to rise once more. The result was a good full B. Probably none of these voices had been technically trained. Special vocal training is almost a requisite in white choruses, and yet we were obliged to confess that we had never heard such tropical bursts of sound. It was delightful to see the thorough way in which the conductor

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took up the work. The danger with the African in his musical efforts is that which besets the person with natural talent who gets a fair degree of proficiency with little effort. Mr. Layton tolerates none of this superficial brilliancy, and any work that he undertakes will be given with artistic finish. The rehearsal lasted, with but little interruption, for nearly three hours, yet at the close the voices showed no sign of strain. The Coleridge-Taylor Society of Washington is certainly a credit to its organizers and members, as well as an interesting indication of what the negro may do in the field of music.

AN AUDITOR.

Washington, D. C.

[We believe the best musicians and critics of music all agree that the American negro has a special and natural musical gift. This gift ought certainly to be cultivated. At the same time, it is to be hoped that Mr. Layton and other musical leaders of his race will not neglect the plantation songs and other distinctly negro music which really form the only body of music approaching what may be called folk-songs in this country.—THE EDITORS.]

Woman Suffrage in Colorado

To the Editors of The Outlook:

A recent issue of The Outlook contains the fourth paper on the women of America, entitled "Woman's Suffrage in Colorado."

That the use of the ballot by women has furnished an opportunity to some women for a manifestation in a public way of their selfish purposes and general lack of refinement is probably true; that the friends of the suffrage movement have been disappointed with the practical results attained in the solution of problems incident to the political life of this commonwealth will, I think, be conceded; but that the use of the ballot by women in Colorado has brought grave disaster upon women voters will be most strenuously denied, and that the exercise of the elective franchise has lowered woman's ideals and dulled her perception of right and wrong will be regarded by the people of this State, irrespective of sex or political creed, as not only untrue but manifestly unjust to as fine a body of women as any community can boast.

There will be much speculation with reference to the opportunities which the author of the article had for investigation, and the character of the society in which she moved while in Denver. That she met women in our capital city who possess the sentiments attributed to them the writer has no reason to doubt. We are not proud of the conditions obtaining in Denver politics, nor can we approve the methods used; it would not be strange to find that women of low ideals and selfish aims have been brought into service to supplement the efforts and execute the plans of professional politicians. To assert that the characters of such women have been molded by the use of the ballot as a cause seems little short of the absurd; it would be more correct to say that the use of the ballot has made an occasion for the exhibition of unwomanly qualities.

But, after all, the most grievous error into which the author has fallen, unwittingly as we must believe, is that of regarding the Denver women, of whom she writes, as representative of the voting women of Colorado. It is a common mistake of travelers to suppose that Denver is Colorado, and there is some excuse for the supposition; but when a writer in an influential Eastern magazine raises a standard for the State based upon observations of political life in Denver we must register an emphatic protest.

A MAN.

Boulder, Colorado.

Christmas Cards for Poor Southern Children

To the Editors of The Outlook:

There may be some of your readers, as in former years, who may care to send to me at Tuskegee, Alabama, Christmas cards for distribution among the poor children in the South who, without such cards, would have no Christmas remembrances at all. I write to say that I shall be very glad indeed to distribute these cards again this year for any who may care to have me do so.

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON.

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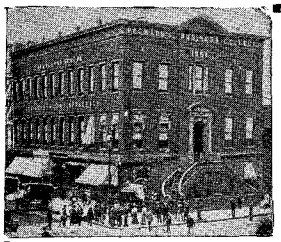

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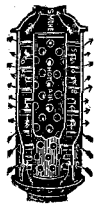

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